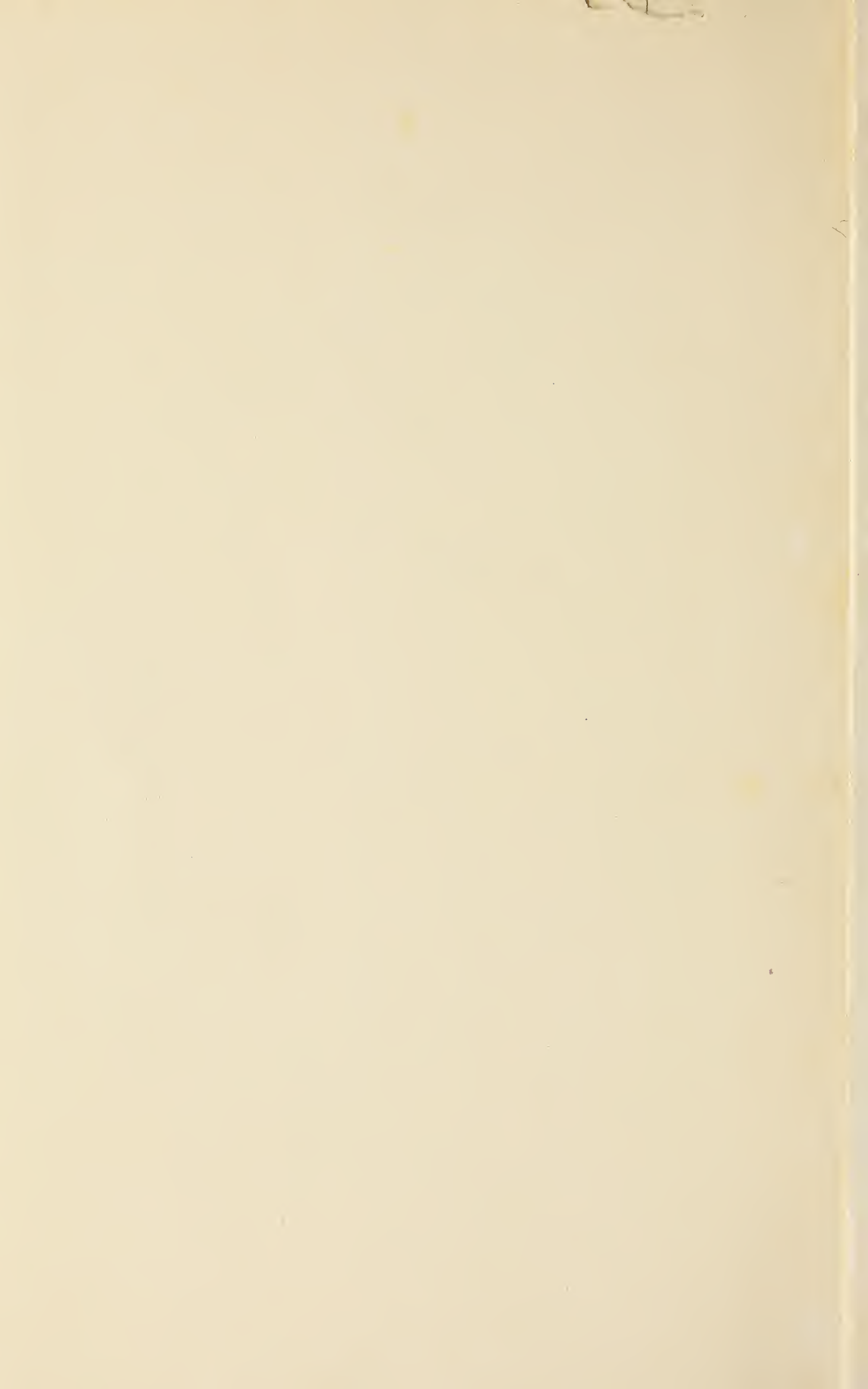


In Memory of

Zenos Ramsey Miller



TO THE LOVING MEMORY
OF
ZENOS RAMSEY MILLER

WHO LEFT US FOR AWHILE ON
JULY 22, 1922

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

ON BEHALF OF HIS
BROTHERS, COUSINS, AND
YOUNG FRIENDS



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“Blow out, you bugles over the rich Dead
 There’s none of these so lonely and poor of old
But dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
 These laid the world away poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
 Of work and joy, and that unhop’d serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
 Their sons, they gave their immortality.

“Blow, Bugles, blow. They brought us, for our dearth,
 Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain,
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
 And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
 And we have come into our heritage.”

—[RUPERT BROOKE.]

FOREWORD

Beyond question, the greater faults apparent in this little memorial, are those of omission. A few of the most glaring gaps deserve a word of explanation.

A good half of the material contributed was in the nature of letters of condolence and expressions of sorrow. Though containing many beautiful sentiments, all have been omitted, on the ground that the permanent memorial should accent the joy which Zenos always wore in his heart and shared with others, rather than a maudlin regret which he never felt himself.

By the same token, there is no chapter devoted to an account of his death. His last days are ably touched upon by one or two of the other contributors. I tore up my "Farewell" chapter, many times re-written, deciding that I couldn't if I would, and wouldn't if I could.

All, I imagine, will look for some account of Zenos' personal religion which was the golden key to his life; but here again, this writer flinched. The danger was too great of approximating the effect of the average memorial with its sameness of style. There is no alphabet for that story; it can be read between the lines on every page of this little book. I have tried merely to give a few glimpses into the past which will make us less forlorn. Glimpses which may recall Zenos' power of walking amid the commonplace things, turning them into gold; that alchemy which is the glory of Christianity.

William A. Eddy

American University
Cairo, Egypt.
January 25, 1924.

PART I
“ZE”



CHILDHOOD AND FAMILY LIFE

Most of us first knew Zenos when he came to America to school, but some of us have had the privilege of visiting him with his family; many of us have observed the high regard he was accorded in the esteem of his brothers; and all of us will be interested in a few gleanings from his family life. Only his parents and brothers could tell us what a son and brother he was, but those memories lie too deep for words.

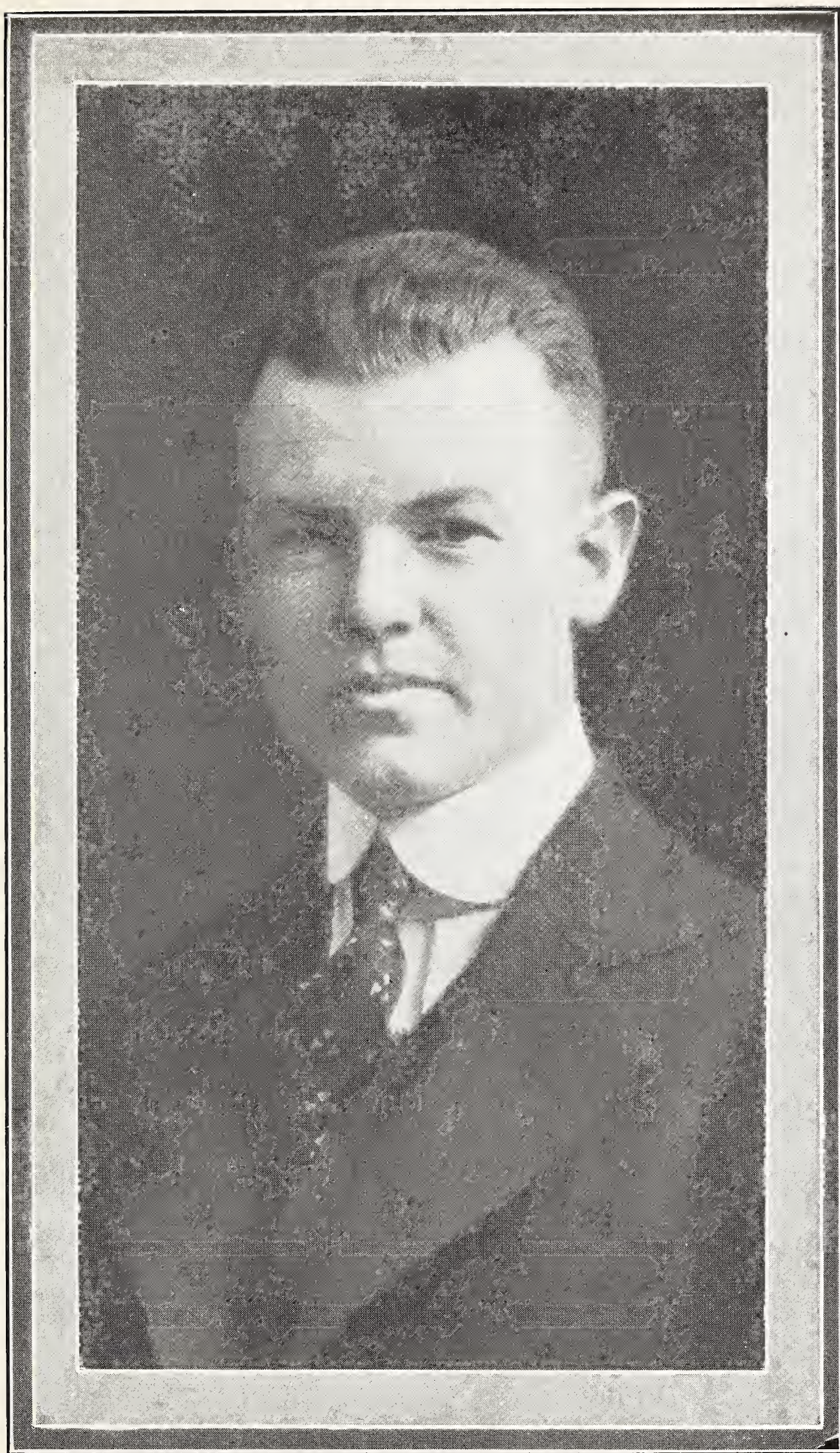
Almost from birth, Zenos revealed a Spartan disposition, and throughout his whole life he was a stranger to fear. At the age of eight months he was punished over and over again for pounding with his fists on the glass doors of his father's bookcase. No matter how often the spanking was repeated, he crept back to repeat the offense. Before he was a year old, his father took him into the sea; by the time he was eleven years old, he swam at least a mile at sea when the waves were high. His father had a horse named "Feng Kwai" ("Swift as the Wind"), a fine horse but very hard-mouthed. Little Zenos fearlessly rode that horse bare-back, which many a man could not ride at all. When a very small boy he became an expert on his bicycle, not only riding around corners without using his hands, but riding backwards facing the rear of the bicycle. (Later, Zenos said he was certain that his early bicycle adventures had helped him in his flying.) When still a very small boy he could shoot a gun, do fancy roller-skating, and defeat the best cricketers at Chefoo, by the Headmaster of which and by the British Consul he was dubbed, "The Demon Bowler".

Owing to parents of refinement and culture almost unknown in the cinema-crazed America of to-day, Zenos early developed his life-long thirst for good books. His mother read aloud to him dozens of those boys' masterpieces which are now passé: "Scottish Chiefs" was one of his favorites,

a book naturally calculated to stir his native love of the heroic and his righteous scorn for the "Safety-first" morality of our insurance ridden world. I remember an incident at Wooster which impressed upon me his contempt for cowardice. One of the annual leaders of the Week-of-Prayer-meetings told the students that he never boarded train or ship for any voyage, no matter how short, without first offering up a prayer for his safe arrival. Some of his hearers may have been impressed by this piety, but from Zenos it elicited the remark, "I don't care much for a Christian who worries so much about his own skin." In the rock of Gibraltar, Zenos would have seen the fort and the guns, not the Prudential Insurance Company.

Thanks again to his mother's love, Zenos learned to despise obscene speech and falsehood, almost as soon as he learned to walk, and throughout his life he walked with his head erect and his eyes unafraid, as one who has nothing to hide and nothing to confess. As a child he learned that his thoughts as well as his words must be worthy of his mother and of the Saviour she had taught him to love. At the age of fourteen he joined the Presbyterian Church with a conviction and a comprehension of the step, that was beyond his years.

As a son, Zenos was both blessed and a blessing. His last words to his mother, when he parted from her in 1921 were, "God bless you"; but it never occurred to his self-less mind that he himself was the answer to that prayer. The treasury of love and companionship stored in his parents' hearts is not for us to rifle; nothing we can say will add or subtract one cubit from his stature there. But we his friends have seen him in his home, or with his brothers, how they leaned on him at all times. We marvel that human parents could have such a son, and that growing boys should be granted such an elder brother, till we remember Him with whom Zenos walked,—and our wonder ceases. But as we seek about us for another like Zenos to whom we can attach our trust, our wonder returns: we wonder whether God, after making Zenos, did not break the mold.



WOOSTER

Though Zenos has friends all over the world, I suppose more of us learned to love him at Wooster than at any other one place. Our memories of him there are surely joyous ones, not to be blurred by the tears we shed over his subsequent death.

Zenos slipped into our lives quietly and quickly in the fall of 1912, when he entered Wooster Prep. as a Senior. Almost before we could realize it, he had become the natural leader of our "bunch", not because he was aggressive but because he was in demand. In less than a month after his arrival he was indispensable at all parties, formal or informal, mixed or stag. Several of us boys, notably Steve, Taffy, Hal, Rich'ty, and Hudge, had been chumming for years; but an outsider would have surmised that Zenos was the original pal of all. Just how this came about, no one will ever be able to explain satisfactorily. To be sure, Zenos had unique talents: he was handsome, witty, musical, and generous to a fault; but on the other hand, he was not assuming, never "ran" for school or athletic offices, and did no organizing whatsoever. (The customary means by which ambitious collegians achieve an artificial, sceptred sway over their fellows.) We were learning to appreciate Zenos' noblest trait: the invisible power of drawing all sorts of men unto him—a power which is an attribute to God Himself.

The immortality of Zenos at Wooster is in no wise concerned with what he did there, though he did much. He was the pivot of social life; an artist on the college musical and glee clubs; an athlete of uncommon ability; a tower of faith to many a Doubting Thomas; an oracle whose approval was sought alike in class affairs and in personal problems. But all of these things are subordinate in my memory (and in the memory of his closest friends) to the appalling speed

with which he conquered hearts. He was of course a charter member of "The Suicide Club", the fellowship in which some of us spent our happiest hours at Wooster, and it is but natural that he was loved there. But while most of us were making a few close friends over many years, in less than one year we found Zenos winning over both Inkies, Kenarden Lodge, and, it should be added, Hoover Cottage and Holden Hall.

For Zenos was liked by girls as well as boys. Now I hazard the opinion that a boy is held in high esteem by his fellows for quite different reasons from those which recommend him to the fairer sex. This opinion found confirmation at Princeton, where it was very evident that the leading undergraduates were of a different type from those usually favored by co-eds. But at Princeton, Zenos unlike some other transfer-students was popular as he had ever been with girls. At Wooster, girls "fell" for him on all sides; but while he was agreeable to all, and sought out by invitations to an extent that would have turned Saint Anthony from his vows, he did not "fall" for them, in the ordinary slang sense. For the average date with a slight acquaintance, though very attentive in her company, he felt only the mildest interest, and never talked "girls" with us, for which we were devoutly thankful. I knew Zenos intimately for a longer time than anyone else outside of his immediate family, and I am morally certain that he was never in love. He saw the lovely qualities in too many natures to be easily infatuated with any one. He once remonstrated with Mary for allowing herself to become engaged to me too quickly. When I twitted him about it, years later, he did not hedge but reiterated his frank conviction that she would have found a better husband. It was this unvarnished candor on his part which made ideal friendship between us inevitable.

Just as Zenos never devoted his exclusive affection to any one girl, so also no boy was ever his sole chum. Several of us, girls as well as boys, found in him that love which passeth the love of women, which David found in Jonathan;



but while he was the only Jonathan to each of us, there were many Davids in his life. This power of unlimited intimacy which Zenos possessed is, I take it, one of God's rarest gifts. For most of us, the deepest intimacy with another, implies the exclusion of others, to some extent; but with him, affection grew with what it fed on: the more he shared himself with us, the more remained for others to share. I know of no parallel to this miracle outside of Christianity. It recalls the spiritual loaves and fishes, which increased with the number of those who partook. We too have been fed, in simple trust like those who dwelt beside the Syrian sea.



PRINCETON

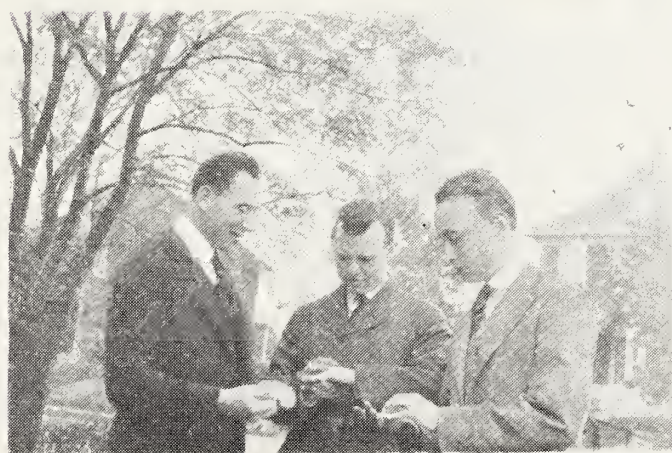
In the fall of 1916, Zenos transferred to Princeton where he had been awarded a handsome scholarship on the recommendation of Dr. Robert E. Speer.

For purposes of economy, he roomed at the Seminary, where he made many fast friends, including President and Mrs. James Ross Stevenson, to whom Zenos was devoted. Within a few weeks after matriculating, he became clubmate of mine in Dial Lodge, one of the seventeen upper-class clubs, which at Princeton replace fraternities. In spite of the fact that the membership was full, and that transfer students seldom "make" clubs, Zenos was voted in after very little rushing, with great enthusiasm. Ed MacCauley and George Griffith told me later in the year that the best thing I ever did for the club was to introduce "Red" Miller. In Dial Lodge, Zenos found the life he craved: a close friendship with thirty-five men from all sections of the country, and mostly from families of well-to-do business men. As Zenos told me, they represented the class he did not know at all, but at the same time the class he wanted to know. It was not that these new associates came from families of wealth, but rather that they represented the vast, secular domain of American prosperity, whose horizons of commerce and social life had been hidden from him in the secluded and detached life of a denominational college. Zenos was haunted by a dread of being forever a stranger in his native land. He did not want to go back to the mission field (as so many of the second generation have gone) chiefly because he would feel more at home there. He wanted to break to pieces that "foreign" element in his life which made him feel at ease in his recollections of boyhood in China, and ill-at-ease in his contemplation of the huge world of American enterprise. It is a feeling which, while dominant in the mind of Zenos, was by no means peculiar to him alone. I have heard Taffy, Archie, and Hudge express much the same ideas.

In this undertaking, where many have been terrified into a hasty retreat, Zenos was more than conqueror. He cultivated with equal facility the acquaintance of minister and millionaire, reformer and libertine, plebeian and patrician, though it was very evident that the Graces had fashioned him expressly for the company of the last.

Some of us remember Zenos' educated taste for fine clothes at Wooster, where he used to linger before the sartorial display in the windows of Nick Amster, Esq. So at Princeton, he faithfully visited every collegiate display staged by Brooks Brothers, who had supplanted Hart Schaffner & Marx in his esteem. Clothes do not make the man, but Zenos felt as did Polonius that the apparel oft proclaims the man. Style, to Zenos, included much beside clothes, of course: etiquette, taxi-cabs, hotels, and golf. While never very extravagant, his tastes ran away beyond his pocket-book, all of which made no difference to us who were fashioned of coarser clay. There was no affectation about his stylishness; we all felt that his blood was really tinged with blue, and were proud of his princely tastes and bearing. Zenos proved the fact which perhaps needs restating today, that it is not necessary for a diamond to remain in the rough to be genuine. The great Americans were not all rail-splitters. Zenos belonged to the Adams and Washington tradition, rather than to the Franklin and Lincoln one.

Zenos' campus life was one round of distractions. He was a good, though not a conspicuous student; a frequent visitor at the library, where, however, he browsed among the latest magazines and illustrated periodicals, rather than in the stacks; a reliable man on the soccer team; active in forensic work at Clio Hall; and above all, a frequent commuter to the theatre or opera in New York, whither by some mysterious means he usually went as a guest of one of the "four hundred", clad immaculately in evening dress. He would stay in the city over Sunday, rising in time to dress, draw on his kid gloves, and issue forth to dine on West End or Claremont Avenue. It is pretty hard for anyone to have so many irons in the fire without getting some of them scorched. There is no doubt that his studies suffered, and that his friends were kept waiting while he glided from one en-



gagement to another. One of the surest proofs of the hold he had on the affection of his friends is the extent to which his truancy and tardiness could try their patience without arousing any resentment.

In the fall of 1919, Zenos returned to Princeton to graduate at midyear, after which he spent a semester in graduate pre-medical work. During this year he was president of Dial Lodge, where by the force of his prestige and personality he was responsible for getting for the club some of the very best men in the class of 1923. At his graduation in February his picture was taken by special photographers and printed the following Sunday in the illustrated sections of all the principal New York and Philadelphia papers. This was due especially to his heroic achievements in the war, but his popularity on the campus, which was almost unrivalled, was due to the life he led there. In the spring he was chosen to sing as a solo "Down in the City of Booze", at the evening sessions of the historic Senior Sings.

Mary and Clarence and Becky and I were in Princeton that year, and Zenos always found time to spend a few hours at our home every week. Any one of the four could tell much about Zenos' life that year, but fortunately we have his own diary to speak for itself of the complexity of his interests and the direction of his thoughts. I quote copiously from the diary in the appendix. Characteristically but unfortunately for us he kept up the entries for less than three months.

None of us are sorry that Zenos was easy-going and somewhat of a dilettante; it is thus that we remember him. Of that familiar happy-go-lucky spirit which breathed cheer into many of our lives, his diary is eloquent: his failure to keep appointments and his subsequent visits to "square" himself; his habit of mailing letters a week after they were written; his unwillingness to study till way behind in his work; and his ability to argue even the heartless Dean of Princeton into giving him credit for the course he had flunked. And though we would not have had Zenos otherwise, it should be remembered, that, if he was somewhat of an idler, it was by choice, not through lack of power to work. He had in him more of the Mary than of the Martha, and the range of friendships crowded into those few years testify

to his choice of the better part. But it is at least another tribute to his versatility to read in the letter from Mrs. Rockefeller that the head of the Harvard Medical School had picked Zenos as the most brilliant and promising student in that whole institution which is second to none in the world.



“Now, God be thanked Who has watched us with His hour
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad, from a world grown old and cold and weary
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men and their dirty songs and dreary:
And all the little emptiness of love.”

—|RUPERT BROOKE.

“1917”

Zenos' experiences in the war may be inferred best from his letters and military records from which I quote at length and without comment in the appendix. I take it that the varied glimpses into his mind and heart there reproduced are more precious to us than any second hand narrative would be, and so I limit my remarks to a few points regarding which my information is not shared with his other friends.

On the twentieth of November, 1916, with war imminent and no longer undesirable, Zenos, Ed Lorenz, and I walked over from Dial Lodge to the Princeton armoury and enlisted in the New Jersey National Guard to secure such preliminary training as was available for the coming struggle with the Huns. We drilled every Tuesday evening for four months. March 28, 1917, our company was called into active service on twelve hours' notice. We packed our books in our rooms, reported for duty, and were sent first to Trenton, the regimental headquarters. There we remained for eight weeks, guarding munition plants and policing interned Germans in Trenton and its vicinity. In June, all three of us were transferred to the Officers' Training Camp, Fort Meyer, Virginia, where we trained for a month before Zenos was transferred to the Aviation Corps in Canada.* I did not see Zenos again till 1919, when we were together in graduate work at Princeton. Daily contact with him in the early months of his military career, and many intimate conversations with him after the war gave me the following insight into his soldier-life.

Zenos hated the Germans as the devil hates holy water. In his dealings with individual Germans he was benevolent and chivalrous, but he never flinched in his determination to

*Zenos was one of fifteen chosen from the four thousand cadet officers at Fort Meyer for aviation. His modesty is shown in the fact that he never mentioned this honor, even to his mother.

shoot them down. He had tears for their victims; admiration for their courage; pity for the accident of their nativity; and death for their ambition. Who is here so base that he would have welcomed a German victory? If any, speak, for him hath Zenos offended. Together with every true American he realized that it was not a question of killing or sparing Germans; it was a choice between killing Germans and letting them go on murdering and ravishing orphans and widows. Zenos had the only true humanitarian and peaceful spirit, which values the life of the innocent victim above that of the criminal. If Zenos could see how public opinion has, in certain quarters, failed to keep faith with those who sleep in Flanders' Field, he would be sorry.

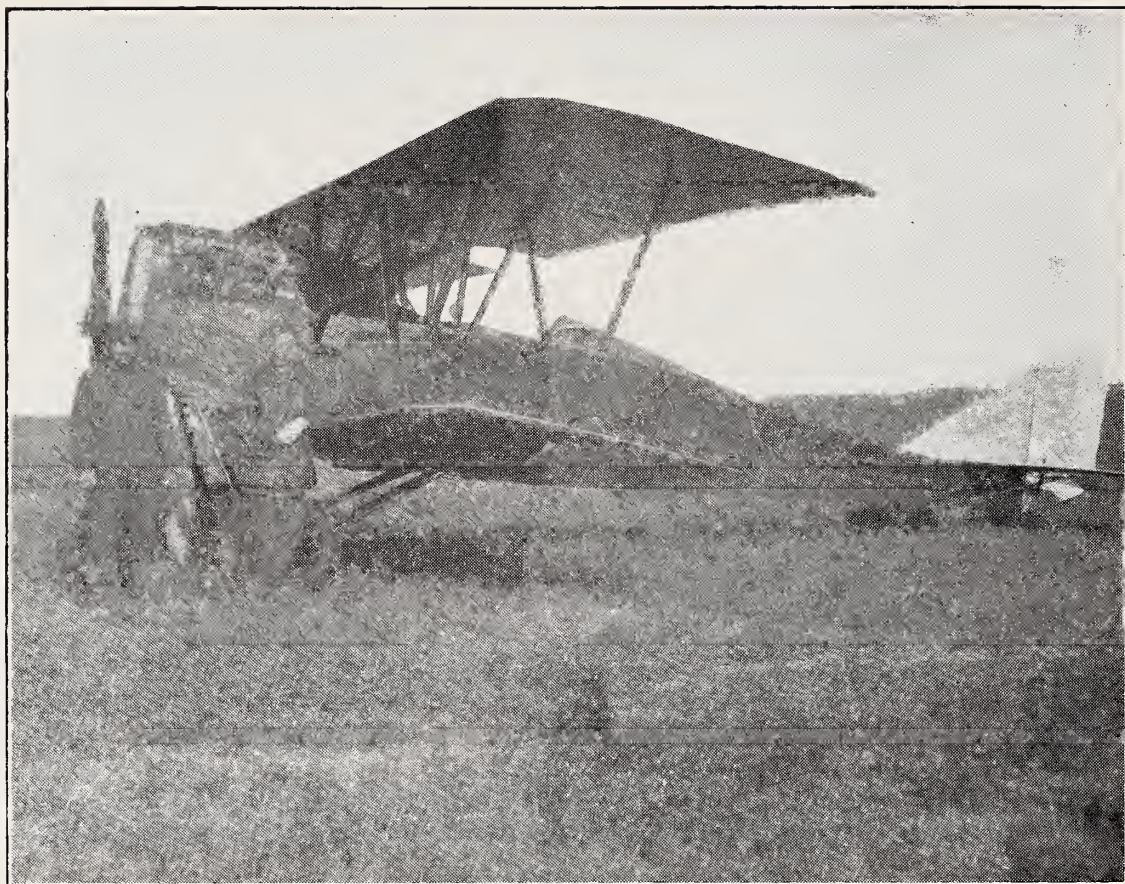
Realizing that the war would exact a heavy toll of human life, Zenos knew also that innocent blood would not cease to flow till the Germans were crushed. Accordingly he strained every nerve to fit himself for the brunt of the fighting in its most dangerous phase. He possessed that simple honesty of soul which refused to lay upon his country an obligation for sacrifice greater than he himself was willing to share. He despised "bravery by proxy" as he termed the attitude of some, expressed to him by another man in uniform who said, "We've got to whip the Germans, but I must admit I will be glad if Uncle Sam can use me on this side, where I can see my girl once in a while." I remember how Zenos repressed the remark which came to his lips, and changed the conversation.

Zenos was above the myth of "soldier temptations," over which our civilian altruists shed so many fresh-water tears. He told me that he didn't understand the universal hullabaloo over the matter. To him, the temptations of soldier life were in no wise different from those of civil life. Where there was so much smoke, there must have been some fire, I suppose; and no doubt many a hot-house morality withered when transplanted to the rugged soil of camp and trench; but it is a safe wager that no character of inherent strength found ought but added inspiration to nobility in the military creed:—Courage, Comradeship, and Self-sacrifice. At all events no one ever heard Zenos hint darkly at terrible temptations which he "heroically" escaped. Those few who have bemoaned his rude exposure to rough



companions and unsheltered environment have wasted the sweetness of their pity on the desert air. Zenos had the strength of the oak as well as the gracefulness of the lily, and could converse with publicans and sinners, yes and with Magdelenes, without self-consciousness.

Of his brilliant record in action we are all inordinately proud. He suffered terribly. Both arms were fractured (during training) by the propeller of his plane; he dined on homely fare and wore hoddens gray in German prison-camps for many a weary month. But he was an American Ace: one of fifty; the highest and most exclusive honor achieved by any American combatant. (The Distinguished Service Cross was awarded to over four thousand). Many have commented on the humility with which he wore his laurels, but such humility is frequently an artifice. Rather should it be said that he wore his laurels indifferently, for his medals and certificates made small impression on his mind. The War-Cross of the French Republic was pinned on his breast by one of their generals, but the Cross he loved even more had claimed his whole life, and many an American soldier and French refugee had their hearts uplifted by its radiance, and felt their hearts burn within them, as Zenos talked with them by the way. When he was reported missing in action, his mechanics and his fellow pilots, rough, hard-lived men, broke down and sobbed like lost babes.



“Home is the sailor, home from sea.
And the hunter, home from the hill.”

PART II
TRIBUTES FROM OTHER FRIENDS

A TOKEN OF COMRADESHIP TO

“ZE”

FROM HIS BEREAVED BROTHERS
IN

DELTA SIGMA

RAFFLES MILLER
STEVE PALMER
HUDGE FITCH
HAL ELTERICH
DEAC EDDY
BILL EDDY
BANDY ENDERS
TAFFY CHALFANT
PAUL WRIGHT
ED WRIGHT
REED YEAGER
DAVE LYON
FILBERT McGRAW
WATZ CHARFANT

(Translation)

CITATION IN THE ORDER OF THE ARMY

Lieut. Zenos R. Miller, 27 Aero Squadron.

“As chief of a patrol, he displayed the utmost bravery and coolness on all occasions. July 16, 1918, at Gland, while on patrol, he downed an enemy drachen, and used his machine gun on the troops below, with deadly effect. The same day, he forced an enemy balloon to descend after a combat with three Fokkers. On the behalf of the French Republic, I award him the Croix de Guerre with palm.”

Order No. 12027 “D”

Great General Headquarters, Nov. 29, 1918.

The Marshall Commander-in-Chief of the
Armies of the East:

PETAIN

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

New York, N. Y., Apr. 14, 1920.

Zenos R. Miller
Princeton University
Princeton, N. J.

EARNESTLY HOPE YOU WILL NOT THINK IT PRESUMPTIOUS OF SALVATION ARMY TO MAKE FOLLOWING APPEAL STOP OWING TO RAILROAD STRIKE AND CLUTTERED CONDITION IN GOVERNMENT POSTOFFICES WE FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO GET SUPPLIES TO OUR WORKERS IN ALBANY AND BUFFALO STOP THE DATE SET FOR THE SECOND HOME SERVICE APPEAL IS NEAR AT HAND AND THERE IS GRAVE DANGER OF THE APPEAL FAILING UNLESS SUPPLIES ARE SENT FORWARD IMMEDIATELY STOP AMERICAN FLYING CLUB OFFICIALS SUGGESTED WE SEND MATERIAL BY AIRPLANE TO ALBANY AND BUFFALO SATURDAY OR SUNDAY STOP WILL YOU VOLUNTEER TO CARRY TWO HUNDRED POUNDS PRINTED MATTER STOP WILL DEEPLY APPRECIATE A REPLY FROM YOU.

Evangeline Booth
Commander Salvation Army in the United States.

(In the course of my correspondence with Zenos' parents, I have collected the following items, which I re-print verbatim from their letters).

From the letters of Rev. J. Albert Miller:

"Zenos worked with a gang of workmen who were building a church in Elvaston, Ill., when he was thirteen years old. They tried to tease him, telling him that he was a Chinaman because he was born in China. He replied, 'Would a kitten be a colt if it were born in a stable?'.....

"An English woman in Shanghai heard my name and asked if I were Zenos Miller's father. I said I was. She said, 'He was my boy's best friend at Chefoo; and when Zenos left school, my boy sixteen years old wept as though his heart would break.'.....

"Zenos had excellent taste along the lines of dress, and would always select the highest-priced goods without knowing the price.....He had a fine musical ear, and enjoyed nice things.....

"In 1921 I had a strong sense that the boys needed their mother at home. She went, but during the year wrote that she should have waited till later, when I could go too. Shortly after her return, word of Zenos' death came, and we understood why she had been led to the decision of going early.....As for me I felt cheated. I had felt the separation during the years when he was growing into manhood, and now my longing to see and know him as a man can never be realized."

From the letters of Mrs. J. Albert Miller:—

"When Ralph our second child came, Zenos was just two years and seven days old. Having prepared Zenos for bed, I took the baby in my arms and told Zenos that he was the big brother now, and must climb into bed, cuddle down, and go to sleep by himself. He said, 'I can't pull the covers up.' I urged him to try, and finally he succeeded. From that time on, he proved himself to be the 'big brother.'

In after years, I often remarked that to us Zenos always seemed to be grown up.....

"We crossed the ocean to America when he was five years old. While on the steamer there were hours at a time that we did not see him. He did nothing out of the way, bothered no one, but went about entertaining himself..

"When he was about six years of age, I washed his mouth with soap-suds when he used a doubtful word he had just heard from a neighbor boy. Poor little chap, he went out and sat down under a lilac bush to meditate.....In later years I sometimes felt that my discipline had been too severe; but he never resented our control. Would he not have said that those things helped to strengthen his character? Able to endure hardness as a good soldier? During the last months of his life he said to his youngest brother, 'Jamie, I have always made it the rule of my life to do the hard things rather than the easy ones.'

"The fall of 1913 he wrote me a beautiful birthday letter, telling me that he had dedicated his life to China. He did not swerve from this purpose till the end of his days. Fearing that war experiences, which wrought so many radical changes in others, may have changed his attitude toward mission work, I asked him about it: 'Mother', he said, 'its a thing one can't get away from when it is in the heart.'

"He spoke once of the feeling he had when flying beyond the clouds, cut off from all that pertained to this earth, how he felt in a special way the presence of God.

"Soon after establishing our temporary home in Brookline, (1921) he said one day, 'Mother, we should have family prayers.' To me it was an indication that he had felt the need of the fellowship enjoyed in a Christian home, which he had been denied for the past ten years. His father being in China, he took his place in leading prayers.

"The two winters he was in Boston he joined Dr. Cabot's choruses singing Christmas carols on some of the prominent streets of the city, and in hospitals. The winter I was in Boston they sang that grand old Catholic hymn in Latin, 'Venite Adoremus.' A week, or perhaps ten days, before Christmas I heard him each morning while dressing, singing this hymn. Was the Lord preparing him to sing praises in a more perfect way? The winter we were in

Wooster his father gave him a very good mandolin. He learned to play it beautifully, and carried it to France and back.

“When he returned from France, his friends and relations in our village community were waiting to receive him with open arms. Some said, ‘There’s nothing too good for the boy.’ He was with us only ten short days, and was feasted each day. They were all so anxious to hear about his experiences, but he was loath to talk about them.....He was invited to make a speech in a neighboring town; Mr. Miller and I went with him. He wore his uniform when we insisted, but would not wear his Croix-de-guerre. I told Mr. Miller to take it along in case anyone desired to see it. Zenos, on learning that his father had it in his pocket, said, ‘Father, if you show that thing tonight I’ll disown you.’ Later, on starting back to Princeton, he gave it to me, saying he would not need it.

“The last time his father saw him was at the little railway station at Hersman, Ill., April, 1919, where we had spent a few days together at my sister’s home just before he re-entered Princeton after the war. The last Jamie and I saw of him was at the Pennsylvania railway station in New York City, 1921, where he bade us goodbye as we were leaving for China. The last words his mother heard him say were, ‘God bless you’. I believe those words were fulfilled in a larger sense than I ever realized.”

Wooster, Ohio, September, 1923.

‘One of the most valuable characteristics of any person, in the varied comings and goings of life, is that of ready adaptability to the conditions and circumstances in which we may find ourselves; and to a large degree our dear friend, Zenos, possessed this appealing trait of character. During a long summer spent in our home “The Rambler”, in Bloomington, and in the midst of a considerable household, he never failed to blend most happily and acceptably as one of the family. His always differential respect for Mr. Palmer and any request he might make of Zenos; his expressed love and open reverence for grandmother and her many years; his gay, debonair, and courteous comradeship in good times

and fun with the girls, Anna and Beth; and his considerate politeness to frequent guests; were a source of genuine pleasure to us all.

And the bouyancy of spirit with which he entered upon the daily returning duties connected with our suburban home, made his presence all the more helpful.

Then, too, when grandmother sickened, even (as we feared) near to death, Zenos' careful, quiet step through the house lest he disturb her, his low-voiced inquiry as to her condition, and, "Could I see her just a minute", indicated so tenderly his adaptability to suffering and illness.

None could laugh more heartily over some blunder of his own making, than Zenos himself; and his instinct for those things which "are pure, lovely, and of good report" was expressed in just as sincere and honest a way.

Dear, happy-hearted, earnest-souled Zenos; how we miss the upward trend of your young, hopeful, and in so many ways, masterful self? We thank God for you, we loved you here, and by God's good grace anticipate with joy the sometime meeting you in the Father's house "over there."

In affectionate appreciation,

Mrs. A. L. Palmer.

Elmhurst, L. I., August 1923.

"When I try to draw my warm affection for Zenos down into words, I first find myself smiling, quizzically and tenderly, but distinctly happy. He was always so glad to be near people he loved, and who loved him. His was a soul of loyal devotion to his friends; his heart, that of pure unselfishness; his manner, that of a gentleman; and his spirit, that of a rollicking youth. I see him hitching up the Palmer's horse; dishing out soup on his cook-day at camp at Chippewa Lake; making a formal call at 70 Riverside Drive, New York City, in dress uniform; and sitting in my own home in Elmhurst, Long Island, talking things over, just a week before the hour he was killed. I hear him sing 'Because', 'The Lullaby' from 'Jocelyn', and Gower's 'Hymn', as well as 'The Day is Gently Sinking to a Close.' This last

he always said reminded him of singing on Sunday afternoons at home in China.

“There was a quietness in his spirit which bespoke depth, an unhurried attitude toward life, which promised real achievement. Once Beth, my sister, said to him, ‘Oh’ Zenos, please run and hitch up the horse for me.’ (The scene was bucolic Bloomington.) Zenos stood stock still, and slowly replied, ‘Beth, I’ll hitch up any horse for you any time, but **I won’t run.**’

“This is just a cross-section of my delightful memories of Zee. Of his achievements in the war we are vastly proud, as well as of the becoming modesty and humility with which he wore his laurels after his return. And while we waited to hear of his further victories in life,—he was gone.”

Anne Palmer Burgess
(Alias ‘Chappie’)

John Hopkins Medical School
Baltimore, Md.
20 Oct., 1923.

“In Zenos Miller I found that rare sort of man whose deep generosity of spirit made his interest in his friends (and they were many) not a matter of duty but of natural inclination. His concern for me and my affairs was as whole-hearted and unfeigned as his own.

“In the summer of 1922, just a few weeks before his death, I was fortunate enough to spend a few days with Zenos after a separation during the whole war period. He was very much rushed and occupied with plans for the trans-continental flight; but took time one morning to try to clear up his old correspondence. As I sat with him in the Nu Sig house in Brookline, before a suit case full of letters, he told me of some of the writers, and of his companionship with them. I was somewhat awestruck at the social plane on which he moved, and expressed surprise that without any financial backing he would dare to make millionaires and social leaders his friends. He seemed to consider my objection quite out of order, and said with a great deal of emphasis:

‘Watz, that’s one thing Princeton taught me. Money and position make absolutely no difference. These rich

boys are fine fellows, and just exactly the same sort as you and I.'

"Thus he showed himself able completely to ignore artificial differences and to make of friendship a purely spiritual relation."

Geo. Archibald Chalfant.

First Presbyterian Church
Superior, Wisconsin
30 Oct. 1923.

'There are scenes which we say defy description; there are depths of feeling that cannot be expressed; but words seem to realize their own inadequacy when they are asked to describe a personality that lives in terms of the ideal. It is that very oneness with the ideal which to me has made Zenos wholly unique as a friend. It was not a conscious, artificial quest; not a scourging of self to gain a peace that was objective; not a mad striving for an ever-receding goal; but the simple (and to me, miraculous) acceptance of the ideal that was within. His life is an illustration of the power of the Pure in Heart. Purity of heart is a matter of motive,—the motive that governs the whole of life—and the power, the winsome attractiveness of Zenos came from nothing less fundamental than a motive so genuine and so real, that there could be but one result: oneness with the ideal.'

Stephen E. Palmer

A. R. A.

Ten West Fifty-fourth Street

Dear Mrs. Miller,

I am sending under separate cover to you a photograph of your son, Zenos, which was taken with our little son David.

David and he were the greatest possible friends, and David was never so happy as when he was playing with your son.

His loss was the first sorrow that ever came into the children's lives, and they all feel it very deeply, because of their great attachment to him.

I also want to tell you of the talk that I had with Dr. Francis Peabody of the Harvard Medical School. Dr. Peabody told me that he considered your son **by far the most promising man in the entire medical school**, and that he had so much ability that Dr. Peabody felt that he had a really great future.

I want you to know how very fond of your son we all were and how deeply we feel with you his loss.

Sincerely,
Abby A. Rockefeller

January eight
Nineteen hundred and twenty three.

J. D. R. 3rd.
Loomis Institute
Windsor, Conn.
Nov. 20, 1920

Dear Mr. Miller

Please forgive me for not having written you before. I was in bed for about three weeks and couldn't write; and since then I have been busy making up lessons.

It was awfully good of you to plan so many nice things for me. I should have loved to see the game.

On Thanksgiving night the Faculty, the French club, and the dramatic club are each going to give a play. It will be great.

Hoping you are very well, and thanking you again for wanting to take me to the game, I am

Your friend,
John Rockefeller.

(Clipping from the daily paper, Elvaston, Ill., the day after the funeral.)

"It is fitting then that Zenos Miller should sleep at last, and until the leaves of the judgment book unfold, in the cemetery at Elvaston. And there, this afternoon, his broken body was tenderly laid in the tomb. Rev. Orio Slater, Rev. Dennis Mason, Dr. W. K. Hill, and Judge C. J. Scofield spoke to the very large crowd which formed at the Presbyterian

church, of the very remarkable life, the closing scenes of which were then being enacted. Former comrades in arms, now members of the American Legion, attended the corpse to the grave. A firing squad gave the final salute to the brave soul departed. A trumpeter stepped to the head of the grave and sounded taps; and all was over. Scarce twenty-seven years since the first-born of the Millers came to bless them and to honor them, the grave closed over him. And in a far-off land the parents of a noble son see through their tears the sustaining hand of a Divine Providence that cannot err."

"It is wonderful what a glorious memory he leaves of winsomeness, of kindness, of tried courage and real gallantry; of loveableness, of honesty, and of honor."

Verses found marked in Zenos' Bible:

St. John V:39

Romans I:10

Romans V:1

Romans VI:7

Hebrews II:18

Hebrews IV:1, 12, 15

Deut. III:5-10

“Once in talking of his experience in France, he said, ‘I am glad for every bit I suffered, for it will help me to be tender when I am a doctor.’

Again, only two weeks before his accident, he told me he was enjoying brushing up on his flying so much. Then he said, ‘I was up yesterday, and the world lay below me so beautiful, and suddenly it came over me that that was the way God looked down and saw His world and loved it.’ ”

The first knowledge of Zenos Miller that I ever had was indirect. It came in the announcement by his father that he had been given my name. Needless to say that my interest, as well as that of the other members of my household, was at once enlisted in him. We were eager to know of his advancement from time to time. About the second year of his life, in answer to an inquiry I was told in a genial and rosy description of his childish pranks that he was developing unusual vitality and charm.

The years passed and the much wished for personal touch and acquaintance with him seemed to be put off from time to time. We heard of his bright boyhood and his school days in the College of Wooster, and every report added to the intensity of the desire to see him. But it was only during the early years of the Great War that I had even the opportunity to hear the sound of his voice. He had offered himself to the service of the Allied Powers as a member of the Royal Flying Corps of Canada and he was passing from the training camp in Texas to the base in the Dominion from which he was to sail for the field. He had only a few minutes in Chicago as his train passed through, but with characteristic thoughtfulness he called me up over the telephone and gave us all his greeting and his farewell.

Meantime some of his schoolfellows at Wooster came to McCormick Seminary. As soon as they met any member of my family they spoke of their acquaintance with him who bore my name. They gave glowing accounts of his versatility and intellectual powers; they reported his genial good nature and popularity; they expressed their own admiration and friendship for him.

During the period of the war we received a letter or two from him with minor details of experiences that interested us, of course, because they concerned him, but presented nothing peculiar. Then came in the newspapers the report from the front of his disappearance behind the German lines while in command of an air expedition. We shared at this time with his family and many friends the anxiety felt for his safety. Our correspondence brought the information that he had been captured and was living in an imprisonment camp under strict guard. Fortunately this imprisonment did not last long. The Armistice on Nov. 11, 1918, released him, along with all the other prisoners, and slowly he made his way back to the land of his forefathers.

It was then that we first came to see him in our own home. I may say that this first meeting was a case of "love at first sight." No doubt the experiences of the last three years had matured him. He was not the boy whose awkward ways must be indulged, because he was lovable and would outgrow whatever there was of crudity and youthful inexperience. He was rather the perfect gentleman who had an instinctive knowledge of just the right word for the right occasion and the perfect deportment becoming the polished member of refined society. Through several days spent in our busy city he commended himself as a young man of rare charm with a bright future before him. It was joy too to know that he was planning to complete his training in medicine and to devote his talents to the service of mankind, possibly as a medical missionary.

One more season of meetings with him I was privileged to enjoy somewhat later. It was in the spring of 1920. I was attending a class reunion in Princeton Theological Seminary while he was pursuing a post-graduate course of study in Princeton University. It happened just as the festivities of the reunion ended that an exhibition of airplane performances was held at Minneola Field on Long Island. He was naturally deeply interested in it. He invited me to share the joy of the occasion with him. My own joy was more than doubled as I noted the freedom with which he

moved among the leaders in the development of better air service, and the affection and regard in which he was held by them all. I came away with the highest hopes for his future usefulness. Evidently whatever he touched immediately glowed and became a service of good to all associated.

Then came his medical studies in Boston, of whose progress we had intimations in occasional letters. What a shock the tragedy of his death gave us and how we were saddened on learning the details from Mr. D. W. Lyon and Dr. Clarence Gamble I need not speak. We have been tempted to bemoan his passing away in the familiar lines:

“Oh glory of our race, that so suddenly decays,

Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze.”

But his view of life was that of the true Christian. Whether life were long or short, he knew it must be lived as unto Christ and for those whom Christ loves. We too must accept this view and thank God that he was enabled to fill all his days with sunshine and encouragement for others.

Andrew C. Zenos.

McCormick Theological Seminary

Chicago, Ill.

October 31, 1923.

Late in July, 1922, came the shocking news of the death of Zenos Ramsey Miller. As swift, awful, tragic and utterly unbelievable as it was, it seemed aggravated further by the distance of his family and by the fact that his friends were so scattered that for a long time the original newspaper account was almost the only word.

I met “Ze” in Princeton in the fall of 1919 when he had gone back to complete a war-interrupted course. Graduation came along at midyears and afterwards we moved out to the Graduate College together, he to take additional work along biological and medical lines, as furnishing a more thorough preparation for subsequent study and for the life upon which his mind and heart were so set. The days that followed will never be forgotten by those of us who were there his closest friends.

Ever conscientious as he was in the pursuit of his medical and laboratory training, yet this, as being only a part of the sum of life, was only a part of the sum of his whole personality. For he was greater than any one field. His ability in making friends was outstanding. He was a friend of everyone in a place where everyone else lived very much with his own particular group. "Ze" was known, admired and looked up to by all. He was tremendously interested in all human personalities, and I have known him to be absorbed in a new found friend for days at a time, seeking to hear of his experiences, to get his viewpoints, his motives and to understand his life. All this was to help him in his work. His intellectual and spiritual sides were deep and his sense of duty to others a dominant influence. Underneath all else his hope and mind were set upon his later medical career in China.

His fondness for adventure was very strong. Consider—to cite but a few illustrations—his war record in France and Germany, his ranch experiences in Western Canada, all his travel to and from his parents in China, his almost immediate response to the call for volunteers in the railroad strike of 1920 and at the last, his attempt at a transcontinental flight.

Rugged in physique, possessing a character to match lightened nevertheless by the rare combination of great geniality, his energy was usually ceaseless, yet his peace at times, profound. From such a makeup his straight forwardness and lack of bias in all things seemed to come as a matter of course. His whole personality was masterful and magnificent. Surely in his case to describe is to limit, for his life transcended praise.

W. A. Garrigues, Jr.

Plainfield, N. J.

Nov. 8th, 1923.

MY YOUNG FRIEND, ZENOS MILLER

It was my rare privilege, during and after the World War, to know a number of young fellows who had fought in it. As an editor, I was always looking for stories of personal experiences in the conflict; and somehow the youthful soldiers knew of this, and came constantly to my office.

I shall never forget one morning, just before luncheon, a lad from the South dropping in. With him was a plump, red-haired companion, also in uniform. The moment I looked into that countenance I knew I had found a boy of character; a beautiful spirit, a radiant soul. His hand-clasp was the real thing. Something almost chemical exuded from him; and that smile of his! Those of us who saw it once never forgot it. Somehow I always think of Zenos Miller as smiling. Even when he was confused with life—and he had, boyishly and humanly enough, his moments of disillusion—he smiled. It was as if he could say to the Fates, “You cannot break me! I shall laugh in the face of defeat and disaster.” Yes, that smile of Zenos’ was a sword; and with it he conquered.

I took the two young lieutenants to luncheon at a club where there were dozens of prominent men; and I do not mind saying now that though I have forgotten the lad who brought Zenos to me, I can recall every word that Zenos said that day around the listening table. His friend was inarticulate; not so the plump, red-haired, smiling Zenos. His *savoir faire* held no quality of egotism. He was simply his own delightful self, conscious of the natural interest in two boys among the first returning from a German prison camp; and he related to us his experiences of those trying days, now happily vanished, in language at once eloquent and simple. He answered a bombardment of questions with ease and intelligence; and never for an instant did he lose the thread of his glowing story. He was a young Ulysses, home from far lands; but he never omitted mention of his chum. I remember how he always looked at his buddy, asking for a seconding of some anecdote, including him constantly in his tale, giving him the credit when perhaps none was due; conscious always that it was through him, after all, that

he was here, narrating their joint adventures to us older men. For that was Zenos—generous to a fault; generous as a gentleman indubitably is.

I knew that these boys would welcome a party of some sort; and my thought was to get some delightful girls to meet them at a dinner which I arranged a few evenings later. They had lacked feminine society so long that of course they would be eager to see the right kind of “home girl”; and so they came to a little feast of laughter and lights and loveliness. And once again Zenos shone resplendently; and he told me afterwards that he had never appreciated anything more than this modest welcome back to his native land. He never failed to say the right thing; and when I read the tragic news of his death, I asked each of those who had met him only once if they recalled him now. “You mean the clever, red-haired Zenos? Forget him? We never could.” And each was genuinely moved when I told them that never again would he laugh for us—here.

I went to Princeton many times to see him; he came often to my rooms in town. And with every meeting I was more impressed with his philosophy of life. He had those sterling qualities of heart and soul and mind which endeared him to us all. I had guessed, when he decided to become a doctor, that the beautiful missionary spirit of his father and mother took the form, in him, of wishing to save people’s bodies; and modestly he admitted that that was how he had figured it out. “I want to go to China and help the poor creatures there who can’t afford a physician,” he told me once in the course of an intimate talk. “I don’t deserve any credit for that—I just can’t help it,” was the modest way he put it.

He tutored each summer, to earn money to go on with his education. And I remember once how flattered I was when he rang my bell at midnight, apologized for disturbing me, and then told me he was “strapped,” and could I help him to get to a house-party near Boston. He might so easily have dissembled and said he merely wanted to go home; but Zenos walked spiritually on a straight line, as he walked literally upright and straight. He had in him the

sweetness of a good and noble mother, combined with the manliness of a father likewise endowed.

It may sound like a pose now to say that I had strange forebodings about that last journey through the air which he had determined to take; but such is the truth, and I told him of my curious feeling. "I can't help it—I must go. Please don't worry. The old urge is back, and I want to fly again."

Where has he flown? Ah! Zenos, to some province, I know, where there is light and laughter and beauty—more light, because of your shining young presence, you boy who served your country well, and proved yourself to be, in your brief tarrying with us, one of the elect who are the hope of the America you loved.

Charles Hanson Towne

Sunday, July 28, 1918.

My dear Mrs. Miller:

It is with a heavy heart that I write to express to you the great feeling of regret that reigns in this squadron, at the failure of your dear boy Zenos to return, last Saturday night. We are all feeling terribly, and have been hoping against hope that we would learn that he was down on this side all right, and merely unable in the confusion of this push, this great and crucial battle to get word to us. But as time goes on we are constrained to believe that our dear pal and comrade-in-arms, your wonderful son, and our ablest officer, has been forced to land in German territory and is probably a prisoner of war in their hands.

How it grieves me to write that he is no longer with us. How we miss his cheery countenance, his guiding hand, and wonderful example. It is impossible for me to tell you just what a wonderful help he was to me as a flight commander, and how terribly I personally feel his loss. About two months ago, as you know, I made him flight commander of "C" Flight. This gave him extra duties, but also the opportunity of showing what he was made of. He had a little hard luck with his flying at first, but in spite of a couple of very hard luck crashes, he worked hard at flying, also with the men in his flight getting it to a wonderful state of efficiency just before this push started. And when

the strain and stress of this latest German offensive came on, his flight stood up to it, kept machines serviceable, shot down planes and ballons, and no doubt contributed more than proportionally to the repulse of German hordes. Bringing down two enemy ballons in one day is often counted equal to three enemy aeroplanes. Your boy had the courage and skill necessary to accomplish that, and then went down low and dispersed bodies of enemy infantry making them hike for their lives in every direction, using his machine guns to wonderful advantage. But these are not all, I could go on enumerating many similar *wonderful acts of gallantry and daring unsurpassed I venture to say, by any pilot that has ever lived*. In the air, as on the ground he was a most efficient officer, and the Germans have inflicted a terrible loss on our air service in capturing him.

On the unfortunate evening in question, together with four other officers he went on patrol. A bad wind storm arose, and I feel sure this was the cause of their failure to return. We know from the two officers (Lieut. Dawson and Lieut. Roberts) who did get back that they had to contend with about twenty hunns, so that I fear they kept him circling so long that he had not sufficient gasoline to get back and had to come down over there. However we shall hear in time, let us hope and pray for the best. I have had a telegram of inquiry sent to the Red Cross in Switzerland who may be able to find out in Berlin how he is. Whatever the tidings may be, Mrs. Miller, be proud as I am of his work, his wonderful example, and although our sacrifice is great we know the cause, and hard as it may seem now, when the day of reckoning comes you and he will be found high in the roll of honor of those who fought to make the world free for Democracy.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Miller forever your sincere friend.

H. E. Hartney, Major, A. S. S. C.

27th. Aero Squadron, S. C.

American Exp. Forces, France.

P. S.—All your son's personal effects go forward to you. The smaller articles by registered mail and the bulky by freight. It may take two or three months, but all will reach you without fail in due course.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I met a good many officers in both the Royal Flying Corps and the American Air Service during the war, had occasion to be with them under all circumstances but particularly when they were engaged in the problem of learning to fly and applying this to war, but of all those with whom I came in contact, men from all parts of the British Empire and from most States in the Union, I can think of none who stands out higher than my very dear "Red" Miller, a man who seemed to have more than his share of difficulties but who smilingly met and overcame them all and, never flinching, climbed up the rank of successful service and finally attained his goal.

I first met Zenos in Fort Worth, Texas. Fred Norton, of Columbus, Ohio, introduced us and, as he did so, in a stage whisper, told me about his unfortunate propeller accident in Toronto. My first impressions, induced largely by Norton's desire to have him along with us, was that he was one of those rare individuals who could be knocked down and yet come up smiling through it all—one of those who might "be down" but never would "be out." We nicknamed him "Red", for we were told that that was the name he always bore, and he accompanied us to France. I lived to find that my first impressions were right. He was always thinking of how he could be of service to the cause, to his brother officers and to his men; was always there with a helping hand, always smiling, always cheerful under all circumstances. Even in the mud of Issoudun, France, when things looked so blue and life was so unpleasant, his ever-ready word of cheer was an inspiration to all the men and officers of his own flight and of the 27th Squadron.

After he had completed his training there and the 27th. Squadron was ordered to a preliminary camp not far from the line, "Red" told me that his hoodoo had left him, and I recall with what earnestness and pride he took over his first war plane, a Nieuport 28. How well I remember the difficulty he had with his machine gun and with his motor, and I can see him now, one evening in May, 1918, in an incident that somehow was particularly characteristic of him

and our work there. After days of personal attention to his plane he taxied by me triumphantly, buzzing his monosoupape motor in short successive spurts, using his switch to do so, and smiling as he made his way towards a canvas hangar about a quarter of a mile from me. I had in a friendly way spoken to him that day and chaffed him about his machine not being in shape, and he seemed now to drive the machine near me in a triumphant "I told you so" way as he made his way in the dusk of evening to lay it up for the night. I forgot the incident for a time but after about ten minutes I noticed him walking towards me slowly. I knew that some awful misfortune had befallen him, for his everpresent smile was gone and he seemed a little diffident about approaching to tell his story. I shall never forget the repentant and apologetic way with which he broke the news that his machine was no more for it had been completely destroyed in the interim. He told me how the ignition switch which had given us considerable trouble and which was of French make and not the simple device which we usually find in this country, had stuck just at a vital moment when he was approaching the hangar giving his motor short blasts of power, and how the machine, like a young colt, had darted out of control across the space of ten or fifteen feet and attempted to climb a tent guy rope by twisting itself round the cable until it fell, crashed and broken to pieces. No one was hurt although the plane was completely demolished. I must confess this was a shock to us all but Zenos was so sincere about it all that we had to take it philosophically. Planes were very scarce at that time and it was with difficulty that a pilot received his plane from Paris by air and had it assigned to him. Zenos was greatly concerned as to when he would get another one and wondered if this misfortune, which occurred through no fault of his own, would jeopardize his chances of moving up to the front with the remainder of the 27th Squadron. That night another misfortune overtook our Squadron when static electricity set fire to one of our airplanes as it was being filled with gasoline and burnt up that very hangar and one or two machines with it, so that next morning when we recalled his mishap of the night before and the fact that the

plane would have been destroyed anyway he seemed considerably cheered and less worried over his own loss thinking that his plane would have been burnt up anyway.

We were very busy in those days and my next recollection of Zenos was during our flying at the Toul aerodrome, closer to the front, an active service field, the place where the 27th Squadron joined up with the First Pursuit Group on active operations. Zenos was coming in to land from a patrol early one morning and a Frenchman was mowing the aerodrome, cutting the long grass that early in June was becoming rather rank. We had instructed the mowers to keep clear of the runway on the aerodrome but this man evidently did not see the necessity of doing so, for when Zenos was making a perfectly normal landing he collided with him, and this time wrecked his plane and the mower, too, although "Red" himself was only slightly bruised. This time when he came to report, his look was even more solemn than before. He felt sure that he would be blamed for the calamity and that possibly his chance of going ahead with the Squadron would be nil. But Zenos was doing great work and neither of these incidents, unfortunate as they were, detracted one whit from our opinion of him as an officer and leader. In fact shortly after that he was made Flight Commander of "C" Flight, and his opportunity came for showing what he was made of. No one flew with greater keenness, no one inspired greater confidence in his officers and mechanics than did Zenos and when, one evening in July he failed to return from a voluntary patrol I found his mechanics, big burly chaps who would work night and day for him, actually weeping over their loss, so distressed were they at the thought of losing their chief.

But Zenos was not killed, as we were led to suppose at that time. He was shot down by an enemy plane and fell to the ground, but crashed without very serious consequences. I shall never forget the joy with which the news of his safety as a prisoner of war in Germany was received in the First Pursuit Group. This joy was greater when later, after the Armistice was signed, we saw him personally. He had still the old smile and capacity for making friends, and on the several occasions on which I saw him back here in the

United States he was as congenial and kindly as ever. At Princeton I saw him one day when I flew up to attend a meeting of the Princeton Aero Club. Then again about one month before his death I spoke to him for some time on the Judge's stand at Mitchell Field, Garden City, Long Island. This was the last time I saw him, and even now, over a year since he died, I cannot think of him as gone for it seems impossible that at some time, in some place, he will not come up again smiling as on so many other occasions when misfortune overtook him.

H. E. Hartney

ZENOS R. MILLER

I met Zenos first in 1920, when he was living at the Princeton Graduate School, finishing his premedical work. I heard much of him at that reunion, too, from those who had known him as manager of Dial Lodge, the Princeton upper class eating club. They all spoke highly of the efficient way in which he had run its affairs in the trying pre-war months.

It was early in 1921 that we first discussed our ill-fated venture in the air, and it was then that we decided to try the transcontinental trip in the summer of 1922.

The summer of 1921 he spent as tutor to the son of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., chiefly or entirely at Seal Harbor, on Mt. Desert Island in Maine. He told me something of this in our aviation days—of how his charge of 14 or 16 years had constantly been hedged about by “don’ts” and “can’ts”, and how he had taken great pleasure in introducing him to the untried, the more plebeian and more venturesome than he had been allowed to attempt before. For example, on some expedition they found themselves behind a great crowd trying to board a train. Access to the steps being almost hopeless he had helped the boy to squeeze in through a window. Great was the joy of the youngster at the informal and venturesome accomplishment. “A boy ought never to have a feminine tutor too long”, Zenos remarked.

There was sailing on boats small enough for the two of them to handle, horseback riding, swimming, and motoring, and many contacts with interesting people. Apparently, too, he made success of his job for he was asked to take the position the next summer, with an increase in salary that proved a temptation. He refused it, however, feeling that he could take care of his finances otherwise, and that as his work was to be medical, his summers should henceforth be spent on extra hospital work.

The fall of 1921 found him back at the Medical School, and loaded with the extra work of securing the new freshmen for the Medical Fraternity, Nu Sigma Nu. With his usual conscientiousness he did the job well, though he admitted to me that it took a worrisome amount of time from his studies, which in Harvard Medical are none too easy. The group of freshmen secured bears testimony to the effectiveness of his efforts.

In March, 1922, we renewed our discussion of the aviation trip. Zenos spent a week end in New York looking up places where aeroplanes could be bought, and discussing the practicability of the trip that we considered, and came back full of enthusiasm. Then together we went to New York to discuss more definite details with the agent whom he had found. Eventually we signed a contract for an S. V. Ansaldo biplane with an Isotta Fraschini motor, of greater power than that with which they were usually equipped. It was our hope that the plane would be ready for delivery during Zenos' spring vacation so that he might practice on it then and bring it to Boston. But our agent was full of procrastination, and had accomplished nothing.

In June after the end of Medical School, he went down to New York and spent three weeks trying to get the plane together and ready for flight. So dilatory was the agent that Zenos nearly abandoned him to deal with the principal direct, but finally agreed to deal through him, chiefly because the agent was a really good aviator (Clarence Coombs) and had agreed to help with his instruction in the handling of the new machine. The trial flight was finally engineered late in June, and Zenos had his first flight under the direction of Coombs.

At the aviation field at Mineola there were a number of planes in various stages of repair. One of them, a German Fokker, had a capacity for a number of passengers, 6 or more, and in it Zenos was taken for a ride. It was an interesting trip, he told me, until the engine stopped and they were forced to land in a rough field in New Jersey. There were no casualties, but the finding of a nearby spot where the plane could start again was very difficult.

I joined Zenos on July 3rd, and from then until the 21st we worked continuously on the plane. During the trial flight it had heated excessively, so we were forced to install additional radiator surface. Then there was continual trouble with spark plugs, and these are the very life of the engine. As our agent had disappeared when he had received his payment we were forced to find another instructor. Wesley L. Smith, of the air mail service volunteered to help us out, and under his direction Zenos spent much time practicing starting and landing the plane.

On the 16th the plane was ready for flight, though Zenos did not feel that he had had quite enough practice with it. So we invited Smith to take the stick and the three of us flew 75 miles down the Island to East Hampton. Here we landed on a polo field and were greeted by the Jennys, a family in which during an earlier summer Zenos had been a tutor. They drove us to their house for tea, and scarcely let us leave in time to reach our home field before sundown. It was this uneventful trip which made us feel that the plane could safely carry three passengers—a conviction that only our last fatal trip shook.

During the week there were numerous things to do. There was, for instance a slight bend in the running gear from a rough landing which took some time to weld into shape. Then there was the testing of the capacity of the tank as measured in hours of travel. On one afternoon with the tanks full we spent exactly two hours in the air. It was a wonderful flight, zigzagging back and forth over the region about the field, in and out of low hanging clouds, over the edges of ocean and of the apartment house district of Brooklyn. Then there was our training in the care of the engine and the spark plugs by Castellani, the Italian mechanic.

Finally on Friday, the 21st, with our compass installed as the last addition, we were ready for the trial trip to Boston, our first venture away from the mechanic. Conversation on the way was limited to a word or two written on the pad of paper we carried for the purpose, but it was enough. The trip went very smoothly, and we circled over Boston and the Medical School, then westward to the field at Framingham.

Saturday brought Zenos a surprise, for he found Burr W. Leyson at the aviation field, whom he had known during the weary days in the German prison camp, and together they talked over many of those days.

I remember with some satisfaction a bit of that conversation, for it showed how happy Zenos was in the expedition. "Darn it Miller," said Leyson, "how did you get in on a trip like this?" Zenos smiled, I could almost see him swell with pleasure, and said something about taking me home for the summer. Leyson added, "I've always wanted to take that trip." "And so have I," Zenos replied.

We were leaving for New York again about noon, and the question came up of taking Ralph Miller with us. He had never flown before, and we felt he would enjoy the trip. Having seen the ship perform with three aboard, I felt no hesitation, though I asked Zenos if he thought it were too great a risk to have two members of the same family in the same plane. "A little, perhaps, but nothing's going to happen anyway", he said. So after taking up another friend for a circle or two, the three of us climbed aboard and were ready to start.

Just then one of the aviators ran up and said that one of the planes had had a forced landing, with a stalled engine, to the eastward. He didn't know just where and wanted us to see if the pilot needed any immediate attention. We agreed to return to tell them the exact position if the plane were injured, but were merely to cross the field and wave to them if the pilot were unhurt. We found the aviator on the edge of a smooth field beside his machine talking to a farmer, so we circled back, dipped low over the field and waved to the group of aviators and mechanics. The next thing I remember was looking up at one of the nurses in the hospital.

Those who were on the ground tell us that we tipped as one would expect us to tip for a turn that we were making, but that something seemed to carry us too far over. Consequently we slipped down nearer to ground. Zenos, they said, obviously did what was necessary, and got us levelled out—but we were so low then that we struck the top of a tree and plunged into the edge of a swamp. With the shock of the impact Zenos fell forward fracturing his skull against the instrument board, losing consciousness instantly. One leg was pinned under the machine in such a way that those who came to rescue us could not take him out immediately. While they were struggling to do so, he breathed for perhaps an hour, but did not regain any trace of consciousness. And he died as peacefully as medical experience has shown me that patients with such injuries always do die.

However much I do regret the loss of his friendship for myself and the many others who loved him, and the loss of all that he would have done for the world, I can feel no regret for what he went through in his going. For I tasted practically what he did, and I minded it not in the least. For me, of course, it was only a comma while for him it was a period, but so easy was it all that for a time in the hospital I really complained about my returning. Memory has given me nothing of the last second in the air, no hint that I appreciated the danger. Probably the last second for Zenos was full of struggle with the plane, perhaps of worry for the two of us behind him, but it could have been no more than a second. And before that was all the pleasure that youth and adventure alone can give, and the thought, too, of service to the lost aviator. I have seen death in many forms; so far as it has to do with this life, I have tasted it in this form, and when my time comes I can ask for no more pleasant easy way. It is only the family and the friends who suffer.

He was not free from the thought of death, though from much experience in the air he held it very distant. He had recently secured extra life insurance, and on that last morning had told Ralph that if anything should happen to him he wanted a part of it to be used for the comfort of his parents, a part for the education of his younger brothers.

I know very little of his war career, for he seemed to dislike to talk of it. Thinking that there were to be many days together ahead of us I did not question him, thinking I would learn more by merely listening. Of his selection for the air service he told me. At Princeton from the military group to which he belonged volunteers for an aerial training school were called for, and he put in his name. Each candidate was interviewed separately, and when his turn came he tried hard to make the best case possible for his acceptance, told how he had been a charter member of a Princeton aeronautical society, and of the amount which he had read on the subject. He said he felt his real experience had been slight, but he made the most of that—and was among the small proportion chosen.

Of his later aviation he characteristically told me more of his failures than his successes. There was the day, for instance, when the plane which he was cranking had not been properly blocked, and jumped forward, breaking its propeller as it struck him. It broke, too, both his arms and gave him a long period in the hospital. Early in his career the engine of his plane stopped just as he was leaving the field, and he landed in a tree with minor bruises. He told of two smashes in France, one when his engine stopped over the lines and he was just able to glide into French soil, dropping into one of the rear trenches, with disastrous results to the plane; and another when a faulty ignition forced him to land on a previously unknown French aviation field which was smooth only in one direction, the direction he did not choose. Of his combats I heard nothing. There was, I believe, a scar on one wrist from a bullet which clipped him in one of these. He, (or perhaps it was someone else), told me that he had been credited with four German planes, and felt fairly certain that he brought down two more in his final fight. When I asked him how he came to be captured he replied he didn't know just what had happened. There was a sudden splash of gasoline in his face and his engine stopped, that was all. The Hun kept firing at him, and he was forced to keep an eye to the rear, and dodge all the way to earth. How hard his landing was, I do not know.

He disliked boasting in others and avoided it himself. One of the aviators on the Mineola field had been in his squadron in France, and was captured. When Zenos arrived at the prison camp he found this man already there, and came up just as he was in the midst of one of many tales he had told of his "marvelous" accomplishments over the lines. "Ze" said it was amusing to see his face change as he recognized him—and he told very little more of his "prowess". Zenos told of how this aviator (or perhaps it was another, I am not certain) used great care in keeping away from combat planes. One day a Hun plane circled over the base when most of the patrol were out on duty. The officer in command sent up the aviator in question to drive him home. He went, shot off all his ammunition at the safe distance of half a mile or more, and returned to the field. So disgusted was the commanding officer that he went up himself, only to be set afire and fall, trying at the last to jump from the plane into a canal, but misjudging the leap.

While we were working in the hangar one day a plane passed over head and he said "There goes a Nieuport, type vingt huit, the plane I used to fly", and sure enough it was, this one piloted by Maynard, the "flying parson". Zenos caressed the engine with a look of real affection and said the odor of castor oil made him homesick.

It was interesting to see Zenos make friends with a newcomer. He did it easily and invariably well, and during the days I was with him I tried to see how he could do it so quickly. The trick of it, I decided, was the ability to look at things as the stranger did, to use any hints he had as to the other man's outlook on life, and to think aloud in the terms that the other man understood. In the three weeks we had together I saw him do this with young men and old, with women and with children, with an appreciation of their thoughts that was remarkable, and a response that was more than worth the effort. And from millionaire to Italian mechanic I saw him do it well. He had a clever way of telling stories, and a sense of humor that touched all his tales with a silver lining. Even so drab a thing as the way in

which the aeroplane agent tried to persuade him to pay the entire purchase price before the machine was delivered he told in a most amusing way. It made one suspect that he had probably baited the agent to go even further in his none too honest explanations of why the money should be paid over immediately.

In his plans for the future his heart was in the mission field. In discussing the choice between John Hopkins and Harvard he had considered carefully the reputation of each among the doctors on the field. In his plans for the summer of 1923 he had decided on some hospital work in New York "because one of the churches there supports our station in China, and I think it would be a good plan to get acquainted with some of the people that are members."

In his work he was persistent and reliable in every job I saw him undertake, putting into it the same spirit that led to his being found at the end still gripping the joy-stick with both hands, fighting to save the ship, and protecting himself not at all.

Dr. C. J. Gamble

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug., 1923.

APPENDIX

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS AND DIARY
OF
ZENOS RAMSEY MILLER

Wooster, Ohio
4. Sept. 1913.

Dear Mother,

Tomorrow is your birthday. What you have meant to my life I am only beginning to see and probably never will fully know, but I know you have been a good mother to me and I am proud to say that I have had you for my mother. Many times the thought of what you would think has kept me from doing wrong, and I do not know how often unconsciously I have been influenced by you in my actions. I cannot remember once when you were false to yourself or your children. You have always held up before us the highest ideals, not only in your teaching but especially in your life. I suppose it is the way of human nature that when a child's up-bringing is causing the most care and trouble to its parents, that at that very time the child least feels what it owes to its mother and father. I sometimes feel it is a good example of how humanity acts toward God. I am just beginning to realize what it has cost you and father to raise a family of five, and we are not "raised" yet by a long ways. Many grey hairs and deep furrows have we caused, which are only the outward signs of the anxieties and worries of the heart. Often when you tried the hardest to teach us, the only return you received for your love was to have us fight and quarrel among ourselves, as if all we had learned from you was to hate each other. But often by your silent bearing of our wrong-doing, more than you realize I think, you made us thoroughly ashamed of ourselves. But because of our pride, we did not like to show it.

Your labor and denials and plannings and admonishings have not been in vain, and I hope that through your efforts and God's help you have five sons who shall grow up to be men of character and the friends of God and humanity.

Ralph has shown especially this summer that he is developing into a steady, persevering man who can be trusted. I can not say as much for myself, but I have come to realize my own faults more keenly than before, and that is a good beginning I hope.

I have never forgotten that Dr. Kreater once said she thought I was too proud, and I have come to believe that there is some ground for what she said, but that only gives me something else to fight and that is why we are in this world

I have taught a class of young boys and girls the last two weeks in Sunday School, and have enjoyed it very much. I have a birthday present for you: I have decided that my life shall be given up to Jesus' service on the Foreign Field, and I am going to join the Volunteer Band of Wooster this autumn.

With love to father, Porter, Paul, Jamie, and wishes for a happy birthday,

Your affectionate son,

Zenos

Dial Lodge
Princeton University
4 March 1917

Dear Mim,

Princeton has been going through exciting times lately. Last week Sherwood Eddy came to Princeton with a call for twenty men to go over to Europe this summer to work among the Tommies in concentration camps in England. Princeton has already furnished the twenty men, and is now raising \$15,000.00 to pay their expenses. The twenty haven't been definitely chosen yet, because seventy-five asked to be taken, and in that list are numbered many of the big men in college

Alfred Noyes is a professor in Princeton. He lately returned from England where he has been visiting the British fleet. Last night he read some thrilling poems to us; poems he had written lately about the British fleet. The way the students clapped after each reading was wonderful.

The East is now thoroughly aroused to the imminence of war with Germany. I'm afraid that the West is still asleep, or at the most, drowsy. In my own thinking, I am at last thoroughly clear. I feel that it is imperative that Germany should be defeated, the sooner the better. Therein lies, it seems to me, U. S.'s duty. I heard that you have recently had a pacifist in Wooster, who I suppose has converted everyone to his views. One of my Princeton profs. is a pacifist. . .

Write and tell me about the Holden Hall party and how your toast turned out. Your theme and handling of it would interest me a great deal. Tell Marj to keep out of the March sunshine and her biting winds, and to use Pompeian cream in anticipation of the day of triumph. . .

Your coz,

Ze

N. G. N. J. Armory

Trenton, N. J.

April Fool's Eve. 1917

Dear Mother:

Here we have your eldest as a soldier boy, and no joke. Friday morning, the company of 85 men (to say nothing of the officers) were piled into donated autos, and driven down here from Princeton, with flags flying, and "much de musik". There were a number of wet eyes in the crowd, and among the men as well, for many were leaving wives and dear ones behind . . .

We are said to have the best company in the regiment; at any rate we were the first to be mustered into federal service.

Bill Eddy has left with his squad, the 2nd in the company, for guard duty in south Jersey. I was sorry to see him go, but I think we shall be reunited soon.

I have been assigned as the colonel's orderly. I enjoy my work as such, very much; it certainly taxes one's ingenuity to be an orderly. The Colonel gave his first order about like this: "Orderly, your predecessor was unable to get a waste-paper basket. Go and see what you can do." I did not know the armory, nor where any such thing could be found, but went down-stairs, and in the various company rooms. I saw many waste-paper baskets, but all were being used. Finally, at the end of the hall I came to the Supply Company's room, was challenged at the door, replied: "Colonel's orderly", and passed in. Over in the corner was an unused basket. I went up to the 3rd. sergeant, and said: "You seem to have a waste-paper basket which you don't need. May I take it to use in the Colonel's office?" You should have heard the sergeant bluster and swear: What did the Colonel mean by taking the Supply Company's little lone w. p. b., etc., etc.? I stood and listened for a little while; then went to see the Quartermaster of the Supply Company. He said, "Yes, go ahead." Back went I with a sweet smile and said, "Quartermaster's orders, Sergeant," and walked off with said basket. The Colonel said, "Well done; put it here and go to your place."

The next thing I was ordered to do was to go and find something to act as paper-weights. "Anything will do." I returned with three small pieces of red brick which I had chipped and rubbed till thoroughly uniform, and then scrubbed with a wet piece of paper, and dried on my towel. I watched the Colonel carefully as I stood at attention within three paces, and in a voice from which I could not keep out a little note of triumph, said, "Sir, Orderly Miller reports to the Colonel with the paper-weights as ordered. The Colonel didn't look up for ten seconds, but I saw a smile commence at the corners of his mouth. Suddenly he raised his head and looked me straight in the eye, and spoke as solemn as a sphinx: "Orderly, you may go now and report at 8:30 in the morning." I had won.

I haven't heard from Ralph and Porter for a long time.

Your son,

Zenos.

Co. L, 2nd. Inf. N. G. N. J.
Camden, New Jersey.
10 Apr. 1917

Dear Mother and Father,

I am writing this letter, here in the Lyon Tabernacle in the factory district of Camden. The tabernacle was built for a revival campaign last summer.

Our battalion embarked by train day before yesterday, Easter Sunday, from Trenton. When we arrived, we found the Tabernacle not ready for us, so removed our packs in a field nearby, also stacking arms, and removing our blouses and overcoats. Soon we were all hard at it knocking down the wooden benches and carrying the boards outside and piling them. . . . When all fixed up, the place made very nice quarters. We have been a little cold, but with the five stoves going full blast, we manage to keep fairly warm at night. Sunday night as I lay in my bed, I realized that I had gone through one of the strangest Easter Sundays of my life. An hour after midnight, I was awakened by my corporal, and ordered to be ready in five minutes to go on guard duty. There was at least three inches of snow and a cutting gale blowing in from the sea to the north of us. With our overcoats buttoned up to our ears, and ponchos over them, we walked our posts for 4½ hours. I didn't mind it very much except that I didn't have any gloves, and my hands got cold holding the rifle by turns. . . . I was the only one in my squad who was up for breakfast when "I can't get 'em up in the morning" was blown by the bugler. For such a life as we are having a fellow must be in very good health or he breaks down; and yet we don't know what hardship is. So far, we are comparatively only practising being soldiers . . . I am no longer colonel's orderly, as I came on to Camden, and left the dear old Colonel up to his neck in papers and muster reports. He gave me a very warm good bye for an officer to a private, I thought.

Although it was very nice being an orderly, I am now getting more drill and things of that sort.

The Y. M. C. A. is a great boon to the soldiers. Without pushing religion at the men, they do all they can to make our life more pleasant and comfortable, and we appreciate it very much. They organize amusements, hold song services and meetings which are very popular with the men. Of course all the men would leave if they held meetings of the type similar to the average Wednesday night prayer-meetings in most churches; but they do appreciate a direct and sincere appeal to the best in them: their duty as soldiers, their responsibility to be as their home-folks expect them to be. These themes appeal to us all, if properly handled by one who is sincere, not dogmatic, denominational, or who takes the attitude of, "I can't understand how you young men can be so wicked as to swear as you do", etc.

I am trying to do a little bit myself, but find it very difficult, although there is a wonderful opportunity for personal work in any group of soldiers, I believe . . .

Your son,

Zenos

Detachment from Co. L, 2nd. Inf.
Detention House
Gloucester City. New Jersey.
15 May 1917

Dear Mother,

We are here keeping a very close guard over 162 Germans night and day; for of course if they ever start anything we must be there to stop it. There are 34 of us, and we keep our rifles loaded all the time. To show that there is a slight chance of something occurring sometime, a German was caught several weeks ago trying to get down the water-spouting. Just fifteen days ago, today, one of our own guards (a fellow much distrusted in the company and accused of theft several times by his own tent mates) was caught bringing in and taking out letters from the Germans, to some outside party, for bribes. The thing was hushed up, and none of us know what was in the letters. The soldier was put in the dungeon down-stairs, and is awaiting court-martial.

We never get more than three hours at a time off duty, and sleep as best we can then. In my tent, I have one bar-tender, one farmer lad, (a fine chap), two Princeton students, one town bum, and a carpenter's apprentice who is very steady and dependable. Some of these fellows are new types to me. For example, the bar-tender is really a fine fellow under the surface. He is one of the most kind-hearted men I've ever met. He is a Catholic and a very good one. During Lent, he gave up his job and pay to observe the season and the Catholic regulations of the time. Of course he is not cultured, but is very intelligent and original. Moreover, he abhors the indecency which characterizes some of the men, and his attitude has been a great surprise to me . . . I might go ahead thusly and tell you about each of the men, but I don't want to bore you. The Princeton Y. M. C. A. sent each one of her boys out in the service a little New Testament bound in Khaki, which is fine. I prize mine very much.

I am going to take a stroll around my posts and see that everyone is doing his "dooty".

Marshall Joffre was in Philadelphia last week. The papers had a big fuss about it on the front page. I should have liked to go over to hear and see him, but was unable to get off . . .

Very affectionately,
Zenos.

5th. Company
Reserve Officer's Training Corps
Fort Meyer, Va.
25 June 1917.

Dear Mother,

Life in an Officer's Training Camp is very exacting. Every day from 5:30 to 9:45 p. m. we are kept busy. Drill, drill, drill; map sketching, and map reading; trench construction, and the building of

wire entanglements; rifle practice on the range; manual of court-martial, military law, military courtesy, field service regulations, infantry drill regulations, including semaphore and wig-wag; giving both theory and practice in all these subjects and several others besides. We keep ourselves busy trying to imbibe all this, and at the same time have physical drill, bayonet exercise, and hiking, to keep us in good shape. We have Saturday afternoons and Sundays off at the end of the week, which makes a nice break in the week's toil, and has also enabled me to attend church regularly every Sunday since coming here; which, as you already know, is not always possible while in active service.

I don't know whether I should rather be in England now or right here training for our own army. I feel that the U. S. needs all the men it can get for a just and a righteous cause, so I believe I can see my duty right in the path I am following.

I did hear from Bill, who has had a furlough and has been to Wooster to see Mary, that Ralph was probably going to join a unit of the Hospital Corps with Paul Wright and Hugh Fitch. If he has, he may be in France before some of the rest of us. I believe he would make a very good nurse for wounded and afflicted, don't you?

About a fortnight ago, I signed up for the Aviation branch of the Officer's Reserve Corps. If I am accepted, I shall be sent to a new aviation school situated at Princeton. It would be rather nice, wouldn't it, to be able to get back to dear old Princeton again, after quite a few months' absence? . . .

I get some fine letters from Miriam every once in a while. She certainly does a lot to keep the cousins bound together and informed of each others' whereabouts and doings. This last year she has developed remarkable literary talent. She won honors in Short Story, which is a very strenuous and difficult course. I saw in the "Voice" that she was honored by being chosen to represent Holden Hall in a toast at the annual Holden Dinner Party which was quite some honor . . .

I certainly should like to be in old Shuntêfu this evening, with all the family dancing around the parlor table in stocking feet, to mother's waltz time on the piano, and jarring father's pet reading lamp by which he is reading the "Pei Ching Pao." Mother, do you ever play Gottchaw's "Last Hope" any more? Well, wishing won't get one there, so there is no use in doing that, I suppose.

Now that we are really in the war, my plans for life have been completely laid aside. I haven't given them many thoughts since I was called out. I have been thinking, breathing, living the military life, trying to imbibe as much military knowledge in as short a time as I can. When the war is over, we young Americans can return to our occupations or professions; but just now our duty is to make up for our disgraceful lack of preparedness in military matters, by bending energy to the task.

Since coming here to Fort Meyer, I believe I have for the first time experienced real mental fatigue. I believe it is doing me good.

I believe you would really be surprised to find the spirit that pervades this camp. I believe to a man we are learning to forget ourselves, and think only of our country and our cause. I have never known anything like it before. Of course the men are not going around with solemn faces; but there is a very perceptible under-current of seriousness present. They all feel that they have given up everything in the line of material success to serve their country. Of course they are in line for military glory, but that can hardly be called a prominent American motive . . .

Your soldier-boy,

Zenos.

Canadian Base Hospital
Toronto, Canada
23 Sept. 1917

Dear Mother,

I don't know where you are, but I hope that this letter will get to you. Bob McClure is taking this letter in dictation because I cannot write.

Both my arms have been broken, swinging an aeroplane propeller, which started before it should have. Besides that I have a good-sized scalp wound in my head.

If you really are coming home to America, I think I shall get a furlough when I am discharged from the hospital, and a happy Miller reunion can be brought about.

Now mother dear, don't worry about me, because I am in the best of hands, experienced doctors and nurses all around.

Your affectionate son,

Zenos.

27 Aero Squadron
Camp Taliafero, Hicks, Texas
16 Dec. 1917

Dear Mother,

At last a leave of absence for me has arrived. I am at present in the school of aerial gunnery, and can't take advantage of the leave-permission till I am through the course. If I pass all my exams all right, I shall be with you by next Sunday. It certainly will be a joyful home-coming for me . . .

I don't like the way Aunt——speaks of not being able to save D—from enlistment. I believe he was doing his first duty as he saw it, and as I see it too. Why, then, does she so bemoan her not being able to save him from the army?

Did you receive the package from Eaton's Co. from Toronto for Jamie? Have you been able to keep it from him till Christmas?

The 17th Squadron expects to leave for England tomorrow. A number of my friends go with it; when will my turn come?

Your loving son,
Zenos.

Dallas, Texas
16 Jan. 1918

My dear Mother:

Your eldest is now "Zenos R. Miller, 1st. Lt. Sig. R. C. A. S.", which means in plain King's English: "Signal Reserve Corps, Aviation Section." The squadron has been expecting to leave any day for the last week; therefore no letters could be written which would give away our position on the map . . .

Tell Ralph that Foster, (son of Prof. Foster, geometry prof. in Prep. years ago) is a mechanic in the 28th squadron. He doesn't much relish handing over salutes to Lovell Weaver and myself . . .

Here is a drawing representing my "wings" . . . It is made of silver and gold thread, embroidered on black doe-skin, and mounted on a pin, which fastens just above my left upper pocket on my blouse.

Well I must close now and get some sleep.

Your son,
Zenos.

137 East 60 Street
New York City
6 Feb. 1918

Dear Mother and Brothers,

I am still in New York. This letter is being written from the Bovaird's home, where I have spent the last few nights.

I went down to Princeton and repacked my stuff hurriedly, and am having it sent to you by express. I hope the boys will be able to wear some of the things. I believe my clothes will come nearer to fitting Ralph than any of the others. My grey felt hat should be taken to a hat-hospital and re-blocked, and it will look all right.

Please save the box of photos, as I want to keep them. In a little black, japanned box, Jamie will find some coins, marbles, and an old screw which came from the execution place at Moscow. I will them to him . . .

I had quite a nice visit with Mrs. Stevenson. The twins were at home, and had progressed to long pants . . .

The movement of our squadron overseas is not certain. It may be anytime now.

I have seen Anne Palmer twice and had lovely visits with her, She read me some extracts from Ralph's letters to her. Ralph, she was much pleased to hear from you. She had some wonderful pictures of camp life, with Dave and Wilbert figuring prominently.

We are having bitter weather with a shortage of coal here that makes people realize "There's a war on" . . .

Well, good bye for the present, and much love to all.

"Stand at ease",

Zenos.

127 East 60 St.
New York City
February 18, 1918.

Dear Mother,

Don't forget that a letter with a postscript is my secret signal to you that I am embarking.

Yours,
Zenos.

27th. Aero Squadron
(A. E. F.)
New York, Feb. 1918

Dear Mother,

Brave little mother, my heart goes out to you tonight. I wonder if you can feel it right now. My thoughts are all of you, and perhaps you can.

Be comforted, mother, I am coming back again, and if not it were better thus. God has willed it. So let it be . . .

Although I have been impatient to be moving, I have enjoyed my month's visit in New York, and I believe it has done me good.

I expressed my old suitcase to you, containing two books which I have read. Please keep them for me.

Good bye, Mother,
Zenos

P. S —I may send my aviation pictures home to you, if you will take good care of them.

27th. Aero Squadron
A. E. F.
2 April 1918

Dear Father,

After a good two months of sight-seeing and travel varied by quarantines and occasional tasks, I am back to flying again.

We left New York at the end of February on one of the pre-war floating palaces . . . We had two brushes with submarines, but came out unscathed. The U-boats didn't fare so well, in one case at least. The anticipation of attack and its fulfillment put a keen edge on the

whole trip. I distinctly remember, after the "music" was over, standing on a life-boat and cheering wildly just after the discharge of a depth bomb fired by one of our convoying destroyers.

Our squadron had a short stay in England, and then came on over here. Poor England has been rather badly hit by the war, and she doesn't seem to possess France's ability to smile in the face of disaster. She impressed me as a bull-dog which has despaired of victory, but clenches his teeth and holds on just because he is a bull-dog.

France is much more cheerful, although her population is draped in black. We have run across large numbers of refugees who are making her their temporary home and waiting in hope of a return to their own trampled soil in Belgium.

We are daily impressed by the magnitude of Uncle Sam's preparation here in France. I am writing from the largest flying school in the world, built entirely by the U. S. in the last eight months and entirely for American aviators . . .

It puts new life in me to get the smell of the aerodrome in my nostrils again. It's an indescribable odor: a mixture, I suppose, of burnt gasoline, the smell of damp earth from the wide stretching aerodrome. Whatever it is, it makes an aviator's pulse leap . . .

Father, I wish I could have seen and talked with you before coming over to France. Of course, I can't shut my eyes to the possibility of my not returning. Somehow I feel as though you would feel and understand better, the grip that this, my present vocation, has upon my life, if we could have talked face to face.

Just now I feel that the army is the only place I could be. Especially when I see what the French, British, and Canadians have done and suffered, I feel the pull most strong, but it never leaves me. God grant that I may do my Christian and patriotic duty; and while trying to do it, may really glorify Him and not myself. I hope that when I go over the lines the first time, and every time, I shall feel Him nearer to me than the enemy or even than the all-pervading vibrations of my motor. There is, you know, something very lonely about flying by oneself away above the earth and the works of man. It is a loneliness that a flyer gradually learns to love; and on some of my trips I have felt the presence of the Divine very close and real. If I can have the confidence which comes from this, I have no fear of the accursed Hun.

Father, I am going to call this a birthday letter to you, though perhaps somewhat delayed. Thanks for your postcard showing the old home at Shuntêfu.

Write me when you get time,

Your son,
Zenos.

(Editor's Note: Zenos never wrote describing his own exploits. This letter is therefore the best description from his own pen of the sort of exploit he himself performed time and again. See Major Hartney's account of Zenos' active service, on another page.)

27th. Aero Squadron

A. E. F.

1 July 1918

Dear Mother,

I am writing from a new location. I am in the same sector as Bill Eddy; I probably will pass over his head every day, as he is up in the front lines, and we will patrol over his location quite frequently. I have not yet seen Bill but have heard of him through a newspaper correspondent . . . The Marines have been responsible for stemming the last Hun drive on Paris, and I hope Bill had a share in the glorious work. American troops are being felt more and more at the front. Everywhere the Germans have run up against our boys, they have been disagreeably surprised . . .

We are located here in one of the finest chateaux of France. We all have decided that it is a lovely war (?). In the morning we wake up and look out the window across the spacious lawn with the poplars and slender spruces casting long fantastic shadows; and in the center of the grounds a pond full of fish attracts one's eye as the fishes rise to the surface and flash their silver bellies in the early sunlight. Très bon. We have breakfast in a dining room spacious enough to seat all twenty-four officers with room to spare. As I sit here writing I can see Bill up there on the front in a dugout twenty feet below the surface, writing a letter also, but, alas, by candle-light. His "tin" helmet lying beside him on his bunk, and the omnipresent gas-mask around his neck. This war certainly presents some strange contrasts.

"C" Flight is getting along very well. The flight as a whole has three German planes to its credit.

(July 3rd)

Yesterday morning we arose at 3 A. M. to go on duty as a guard for our sector, if any Huns came over we were notified and immediately went up in pursuit. We call it "Standing Alert." As my plane is not yet repaired I couldn't go up when the call came that Hun formations were coming over the lines north of us.

Immediately the squadron left the ground: nine planes going up. One came back down with engine trouble, which left eight who went on up the lines and ran into eleven battle planes, nine scouts, and two bi-plane observers. They had a terrible fight, lasting thirty-five minutes, extremely long for an aerial combat. Our planes stayed with it against odds, and came out on top. Although two of the patrol had machine guns jammed, they stayed in the scrap and dove at the enemy planes again and again, thus helping to distract their attention. We shot down four of them and left two pilots behind. They were a "circus" of experienced enemy aviators by the way they fought.

When the fight ended we held the field and the Huns flew back into their own territory . . . One of our pilots arrived in the aerodrome with 25 bullets through his plane, and some of them within four inches of where he sat. It certainly was a miracle that he was not touched . . . It was a great day for the squadron.

Tomorrow, the Fourth, will probably be celebrated by us with a day full of scraps. We simply must clear this sector of Huns and it is no small task. Hence, I had better close and get some sleep.

Zenos.

Offizier-Gefangenen-Lager
Friedrichsfeste
Rastatt (Baden)
5 August 1918

Dear Mother,

Little did I expect to become a prisoner of war, but such is the case. I wrote another card over a week ago, so I suppose you will have heard from me before this. I came down practically uninjured, so it hasn't been so bad. Our writing is rather restricted. The Swiss Red Cross is giving us much appreciated assistance in regard to food. Am well, Love, Zenos.

Kriegsgefangenenlager
Landshut—a—Isar
Bayern
6 Sept 1918

Dear Mother,

Again I am permitted to drop you a line . . . We are expecting a big lot of books soon, which will help us pass the coming months. I am sorry that my French was stopped by coming here as I much prefer (deleted by censor) . . . Our thoughts have a capricious way of jumping the Rhine and the Atlantic, and concerning themselves with home.

Affectionately, Zenos.

Landshut, 25 Sept 1918

Dear Ralph,

This letter is meant to be a birthday letter. When you get it you will be twenty-one. You probably won't feel any older than you did before, but then it is a very important milepost in your life.

Now I am going to preach to you a little. I hope you won't be offended. I am only two years older than you, but in the last two years I have seen quite a little of life.

Be true to your home. Keep your faith in woman and keep your speech pure. Don't forget that ideals are the mighty things in this world. We are fighting for ideals. The man of ideals stands alone.

You will find that a large part of those you come in contact with seem to care nothing for such things, and are even proud of the fact. Hold fast to those things which express beauty and truth and love to our souls . . .

Remember that a man never wins commendation or honor worthwhile by making concessions to the ways of others, when his inner self cries, "No".

I don't believe you will need these words. Perhaps I am writing them in order to impress them on myself.

What are you thinking of doing as your life work? I wish you would write and tell me. If you are in the army don't let that keep you from occasionally thinking of the future.

Finally, Ralph, remember this. You are more liable to get into slovenly ways during TIMES OF LEISURE AND AMUSEMENT, than in working hours.

Take time to pick your friends.

Don't forget to write to me. My address is on the cover.

Your brother, Zenos.

Offizier-Kriegsgefangenen-Lager
Villingen, Baden, Germany.
Halloween Night, 1918

Dear Jamie,

I suppose you are going to some party tonight, where every body wears masks, and the house has a terrible pumpkin lantern in every window. Do you ever think of your brother as a prisoner in Germany?

We are having lovely football weather, with no footballs.

You must be getting to be a big man. Has your chest developed any? Can you stand up straight without sticking out your stomach?

Your affectionate brother, Zenos.

Landshut, (No date) 1918

Dear Mother and Folks,

One of the officers here received eleven letters today. He certainly is an envied man in the "lager".

In one way I am very sorry that you no longer need worry about my personal safety. I wish I were back with the squadron in the thick of it. But it has been willed otherwise, so I suppose it is best as it is.

Don't write anything in your letters which may be of value to Germany; but all that you can of home news will be appreciated. The more letters I get the better. I am allowed to write two postcards and two letters a month, so you see I am limited . . .

Occasionally a German or a Swiss paper filters through to us, and by the assistance of a dictionary and arduous application we are able to make out some very favorable news from the front, for which we can be thankful.

Have you heard any news recently about Bill Eddy? I hadn't heard anything for a long time before I was brought down, although I was in the same sector for quite a time.

Where are Dave and Wilbert and Richtie and the rest? I have never heard from Ernest Hayes and Deke Eddy. I never ran across any Wooster boys except Bandy, Manny, and Jan Baird, on this side.

Tonight the boys are all swapping experiences. (Deleted by the censor). It certainly would give the average American at home a few thrills to sit and listen for a few minutes.

A fellow here, "Hash" Giles, Princeton, '15, had a year in medical school . . . I have had several good talks with him and he is writing for some medical books. Perhaps I can get a little "dope" on anatomy, if he gets them. Won't it seem funny to be studying medicine in Bavaria. Some class.

Did you ever get my last letter giving some twelve addresses to write to? I suppose the boys are going back to school again. What about Ralph? I think, mother, you had better take down the service star now, as I am no more of any service to the Allies.

Affectionately, Zenos.

Angers, France

8 Dec. 1918

Dear Mother,

Recently I attended church at a little Huguenot church in Tours. It had been a French Protestant house of worship for a long, long time. Over the pulpit was written, "We came here to worship the Living God". There were two panels one on either side of the pulpit. On one was the Apostles' Creed, and on the other, the Lord's Prayer. As I sat there I suddenly realized what a luxury it was in a soldier's life to be able to attend a real church service.

What would you and father think if I should stay in the army? Father has always been more or less of a militarist, admiring the late Theodore Roosevelt; but dear little mother, I know you don't care much for soldiering, do you?

I am just aching to see you all and catch up on back history. No mail from you has come to me since THE FIRST OF LAST MAY.

Love, and trusting to see you soon,

Zenos.

Wooster, Ohio

4 March 1919

Dear Folks:

I am enjoying the visit with Ralph very much.

People here have talked me into speaking at the Foreign Mission Volunteer Conference next Friday night, so I won't be home till the first of next week.

Miriam won't be down here till the week-end, so I must wait till I see her.

Tomorrow I am going up to Cleveland to see Allan Chalfant, Hugh Fitch, Theodore Wilder, Mary Eddy, Mary Bell, and Charlotte Carleton. You see I am doing up the visiting while I am here.

The nearer I get to home the more I want to hurry.

Yesterday morning I visited College Chapel and the Dean made me go up on the platform and give the student body an address. Well, it certainly was SOME address, I must admit.

Saturday night I had supper with the Palmers. They expect Gene back soon from France.

It makes me feel quite advanced in years to find so many engagements and marriages among all my old friends.

Your son,

Zenos.

Abeyton Lodge

Pocantico Hills, New York

June 12, 1921

Dear Jamie,

I hope by the time this letter reaches you that you may be well and out of the hospital. How did it happen that the log happened to pick your tibia and fibula to light upon? Did you have very much pain before the bones knit?

Won't it be nice to see Porter. I hope you can have a good visit with him this summer. It is about time that you were becoming acquainted with your older brothers, don't you think so?

I am sending you a birthday present which I am afraid will get to you two weeks or more late, but still you should get it before summer is over.

When you get this letter you will be fourteen years old. I had my fourteenth birthday at Chefoo Boys' School. You probably will grow quite a little this next year and by the time you are fifteen you will almost have a football build. Keep busy doing things. Don't

let yourself be idle. Athletics, your lessons and try to do a little reading, the more the better for you. Don't let yourself do what you know isn't quite right. If you want to grow into an honest straightforward fellow, the kind that is admired and respected on the athletic field and on the campus, practice honesty and straightforwardness now in the smallest details.

Very best wishes,

Brother Zenos.

P. S. Enclosed you will find a nickel which Mr. John D. Rockefeller gave me to send you.

Extracts from the Private Diary of Zenos R. Miller. (Entries run from January 1, 1918 till June 3, 1918.)

1918

Jan 1: Had New Year's dinner at Aunt Clara's; turkey and other things. In the afternoon Ralph and I walked to Carthage.

Jan 2: Went up to Hersman in the afternoon. Bess was jolly and unrestrained, outwardly. Slept in lovely white bed that night. Went to prayer-meeting in the evening. Cool as Greenland. Nice, quiet little country village meeting. Pastor: a curious character, dear man.

Jan 4: Went skating in the morning on a little pond. Skating very poor but all enjoyed it to the limit. Expecting to return to camp any time. Enjoying very pleasant and delicate meals.

Jan. 5: Telegram from Hicks, Texas: "Leave cancelled. Return at once." All is gloom in the home. Mother tearful but brave. Brothers stand around and speak in subdued voices.

Jan 8: Reported to 27th headquarters at ten A. M. Major seems to be on a tear. One sergeant "busted". Outside of that all is quiet along the Potomac.

Jan 10: This morning is the last flying day for the 27th. Was up for two hours in the worst weather I have ever flown in. Took a sergeant up and chased trains all morning. Was finally forced to land by driving rain and missing engine. When we got out of the bus sergeant and I could hardly walk we were so stiff.

Jan 11: Rumored that our commissions are here but no one will believe it. March borrowed my coat and wore it to town; I am loafing around in his old issue coat. Peyton spends most of his time in town with some Fort Worth girl. Generally comes in soused. I am one of the 20 which are on the major's picked list. Three cheers.

Jan 13: Our commissions arrive and 84 new fledged officers bloom out after spending all day getting the papers signed. I have no insignia or wings ready for the occasion. Those with only "2nd Lieut." commissions are not looking very happy.

Jan 14: Took my fiscal statement down to Cap't. King and received a check for \$142.00. Poor old Washer Bros. won't have an insignia left in their store when I get through spending that \$142.00.

Jan 15: Have been going into town every day since eagle went up on my cap. Had a good bath for a change.

Jan 22: At last. The great day has arrived. We go; thank heaven. At four P. M. we are all taxied to Hicks station. Feeling that I have left something I go back to quarters and find my purse and hairbrush lying on the bed.

Jan 23: On the train. Am learning to play the eukeleli (is that the way to spell it?). I am reading "The Harbor"; it makes quite an impression on me.

Jan 25: Pass through Wooster this morning. Breakfast at Orville. Telephoned the Lower Inky. Miriam at the library. Lunch at Pittsburg. Dinner at Altoona. Walked around during stop. Picked up a couple of girls on way back to the train. Said "Hello" and "Good-bye". Two men late onto train. Put them under arrest. Major has them paraded before him. Lots of fun.

Jan 26: Pass through Princeton while dressing. Arrived in New York; train moved right on to concentration camp. Squadron quarantined for seven days because of scare of scarlet fever. Great joy (?) in squadron. Officers made, if possible, more happy by the information that there is no water running in toilet. Curtain.

Jan 28: I write to Anne Palmer and Mrs. Bovaird telling them of my presence in the vicinity of N. Y. Sit around all day reading "The Day Star" by Chambers, and playing the mandolin. In the P. M. mosey over to Hempstead and purchase a few little things such as insignia for my collar and some small wings of bronz to wear.

Jan 30: I "bugger" and go into town and at last stand face to face with Chappie. We hold a little party in Broadway chop suey house. When I asked the business lady handling the hats and coats, what part of China she came from, she said, "I own this joint". It was great to spend the evening getting re-acquainted with Anne. Dope on Wooster much appreciated.

Jan 31: Doc Arnold sore because I left a pail full of dirty water in which I had washed my face. In real disquietude of spirit I await the arrival of the major. He comes. "Where have you been for the last couple of days, Miller?" Answer: "Exercising, sir." *Il est fini.*

Feb 1: In the evening, Grant, Bugs, et moi, sing with much feeling after taps in men's barracks. "Poney-boy", and "Pride of the Prairie," especially the latter. We were not encored.

Feb 21: I found a letter from Mrs. Darlington with a generous check for \$200.00 with which to buy equipment. It certainly was generous and will enable me to get flying stuff. In the afternoon a box of Huyler's came from Mrs. O'Neill. From the Major down we are fed up with waiting.

Feb 24: Orders of departure are here. Major almost embraces medic officer in order to get him to pass the squadron. He does so, and the Major at once becomes distant. Mandolins help to pass the day. Get out our Sam Brownes and oil them. The atmosphere is full of submarined transports. Reveille at 3 A. M. Mailed ½ doz. cards.

March 2: Everybody interested in submarines. They lie on bottom of sea during daytime, come up at night to get wireless messages from Berlin, and do most of their work at nightfall or dark. Walked around deck with Freddie Ordway and saluted the colonel and several majors three times; after which our consciences were appeased. The nurses on board are very well looked after.

March 6: March off boat at 9 A. M. England impresses us all as a wonderfully pretty country. No colors clash. Spring comes very early here, and the birds are tuning up.

March 7: My, aren't English girls queer? They certainly seem crude compared with ours. Had af. tea in the little old place of William the Conqueror.

March 16: We visit an old paste-board mill and then met a couple of fair cyclists from Southampton who amuse us with their Hinglish Hslang. Order comes for us to move tomorrow. We are off to France.

March 18: Wake in the morning in France. French women doing dockhand work going around in soft slippers. German prisoners rather abundant. Went down to rest camp where we saw four French dirigibles ascend. Are assigned to quarters. Immediately Freddie Moy and I bugger down town and get dinner in a French hotel.

March 29: Issoudun. On the road met a Marine company whose lieutenant knew Bill Eddy, and said his regiment was up at the front. The Marines all had shrapnel helmets.

Apr 2: Jan Baird and Manchester turn up. Also saw Bandy this morning. They had heard that I had been shot down as a R. F. C. pilot in Palestine.

Apr 3: Bugger without getting caught.

Apr 14: Rainy weather like Texas during a Norther. Letters from Peg, Paul, Bill and Ditchmond. Our camp is certainly a remarkable little community of Americans out here in the mud, several miles from anywhere.

Apr 15: Borrow 50 francs. Bought a pr. shoes and pr. of leather gloves, and a collapsible basin. Wrote Bill Eddy a short letter.

May 8: Letter from Bill came in and was enjoyed very much by me. Gave the pup, "Jerry", a lesson in obedience.

May 9: Saw Jeanne d'Arc's birthplace at Domrémy. Beautiful trip.

May 11: Clapp has arranged an old-fashioned barbecue with a roast lamb (whole) and beaucoup beer. Came back early and discussed poetry with Lieut. Pruden.

May 12: Epiez. Mother's Day. I have been thinking a good deal about leadership, and have decided that leadership comes only with selfmastery. I have quite a little to do, haven't I, Ze?

May 14: Followed little path thru wood down to St. Anne's chapel and the shrine by the brook. Picked a few lilies of the valley. Shall send them to Mrs. A. L. Palmer. As I stood out in the little wood I prayed to Jesus for strength as did Washington at Valley Forge.

May 22: That letter from Marj. Case has given me more pleasure than any I have received for many a day.

June 3: Major told me I was appointed commander of "C" flight. My difficulties commence. Beaucoup fatigue is my lot from now on. (Editor's note: From this point on Zenos was too busy to keep a diary. The following is quoted from the Squadron Log Book, under date of July 20-22, where it had been entered by his C. O. after his failure to return from an encounter.

"Lt. Z. R. Miller failed to return today. The loss of Lt. Miller is indeed a blow. His splendid record marks him as one of our ablest flyers, an ideal Flight Commander, and a peer among men who admired him for his many good qualities. He had proved his worth as a patrol leader.

Today, this tried veteran of the air, in the company of four other daring pilots, met with disaster, though not through the efforts of the enemy. The elements, a vital item in air frays, favored the Huns, and as a consequence our aviators found themselves at a disadvantage and handicapped. The whole of our enemy's air force attacked them, but in spite of the odds they accredited themselves nobly. Lt. Miller again displayed his usual generalship, but unfortunately the enemy had the upper hand; and during the struggle Lt. Miller was lost. He was an Ace, having destroyed two Hun planes and three observation balloons."

(Extracts from the Diary of Zenos R. Miller, 1920. The entries are made with indifferent regularity through January and February, after which they are discontinued, only to be resumed for a few days in October and November.)

1920

Jan 1: Newark, N. J. Visiting Jerry Machin. Saw New Year in at dance. Funny party as I did not know how to dance. None of the girls were very attractive. Jerry and I retired at 4 A. M.

Jan 2: Went into N. Y. where Jerry and Dave and Hudge and I had lunch at Am. Flying Club. Had a good chat with Dave as he was returning that afternoon to Wooster, via Cleveland. Is thinking some of Harvard Medic. Back to dinner served by Red Cross of Dr. Urney's church for ex-soldiers. Made a little speech to the assembled mob. Jerry and I went to Midnight Ziegfield Follies, Amsterdam Roof; returning late.

Jan 3: Night at Englewood with Robert E. Speer et family. Mrs. Speer and Billy went to a concert; the rest of us to "The Wayfarer". A great spectacle with some good music, especially the singing of the tenor; acting of Walter Hampden also good.

Jan 4: With the Speers. Quiet Sunday. Sermon preached by pastor of Columbia University who came to the Speer's for lunch. Letter from Mary told of Bill's condition, and I visited him in Brooklyn Naval Hospital. There met Hudge with Paul Bergen. Bill has a threat of pneumonia. Sunny and I wrote out "Down in the City of Booze" and "Sir Gallahad". (Some combination).

Jan 5: Left for college at 7:30 A. M., attended first class, Anatomy. Oh that clammy cat. We now commence to search for its salivary glands. Don't feel like studying. Basketball team has been very successful, winning all games during Christmas trip.

Jan 6: Went to Root's lecture on "The Art of Satire". Got some side-lights on the Renaissance.

Jan 10: Prof. Prentice asked for a short story skeleton of one of the plays we have read. Creative imagination called for. I think I shall choose "Medea", or perhaps, "Antigone". Ty Wood took me down to Charter Club for lunch. I find it very difficult to get back to work now that college has started. It is only when I get behind that the impulse to study takes me. This attitude of mind is something I must combat and conquer.

Jan 12: Last night I called on the Stevenson's to explain not answering invitation during the Christmas vacation. Invited to dinner with Sam Shoemaker and mother. Met James Yen from Grad College. A very interesting fellow. Likely to be one of China's coming men. Heard Rogers lecture on "Bundle of Letters 30 Generations old."

Jan 13: Peg Speer sent me my horoscope carefully culled from railroad station news-stand.

Jan 14: Allan and Rufus announce birth of a daughter on Jan. 12, 1920.

Jan 15: Received a post-card from Bill Eddy. Must have drainage in his lungs again. Tells of birth of a daughter, Mary Margaret Lorenz, to Edward of the same ilk.

Jan 16: Dave Shotwell had the three of us down to Charter Club for dinner. Met Ty Wood who is going out to dance ce soir. Received a letter from Billy Speer with aeroplane drawings.

Jan 17: After lunch at Tower Club we went to Grad College and heard Russel's organ recital. I remember especially a Russian Folk Song, sung by generations of convicts on the Volga. Went down to G. O. P. Club, Trenton, with E. Hayes. My first fox-trot on public floor.

Jan 22: Tried to register for second semester, but was held up by the Dean over Fresh. physics, which I hope to get fixed up.

Jan 24: Played bridge with Bob Paul, Snake, and Grif, after going to a crazy movie.

Jan 25: Promised Ed McCauley \$20.00 for the Princeton work in Peking. Clarence came around to my room, and I had a good bicker with him. At 8 o'clock meeting, Bookman told how to win men for Christ.

Jan 27: Saw the Dean today and argued him into giving me credit for the Physics course which I failed. Will therefore graduate in February. After that, a graduate student under Dean West. Wrote letters to Dr. Bovaird, Col. Hartney, Bill Eddy, and Mrs. Darlington.

Feb 5: Examination in Renaissance History. Question on Papal supremacy seemed to puzzle most of them. Question 6: "Give outline of your essay", I couldn't answer (as I had omitted writing the essay). Comparative Anatomy exam in the P. M. Question concerning development of the gill-clefts into pharyngeal cartilage, was new dope to me.

Feb 8: Essay "Machiavelli" written for History (ex post facto). Made arrangements to visit Bob Paul during vacation.

Feb 9: Weather permitting, I am now an alumnus of Princeton. "And there shall be joy in heaven", etc. Dannie Houck, Floyd Parker, and I went triumphantly to the movies, uttering loud and canine shrieks. Saw Clarence and Becky this P. M. Ralph sent me a very nice leather writing case for a graduation present.

Feb 12: Finished essay today at twelve o'clock and then went over to the library and wrote in references. Missed the one-fifteen train to Baltimore, so took the three-thirty-two. Found that I could get room 6 A at Graduate College with Bill Garrigues who is a prince. Letters from Nina and from Mrs. Speer which came yesterday must be answered at once.

(At Harvard Medical School)

Sept 28: Started to room at Mrs. Small's today. Aussi work at Harvard Medic began in earnest.

Oct 15: Saw Dr. Worth Hale. Showed me fine record made here by Princeton men in the recent past. Took check to Bursar's office during lunch hour; he would not take it.

Oct 16: Saw with Dave where Morton first gave ether 74 years ago. Dave bought coat for \$37.00. Hair cut. Two boxes with books arrived. Spent most of evening unpacking.

Oct 17: After dinner at Mack's, Jonsey, Dave, and I dressed in knickers and walked about ten miles. Went out to see Bernice in the evening, meeting Bob Hole at Copley Plaza. Curran informed me that I would be "bid" by Theta Pi Sigma.

Oct 18: To "Dirty Dick's" for breakfast, late. Finished letter to Martha. Invited to NΣN for evening. Dave and I enjoyed Dr. Smith's lecture. Quizzed by prosector much to discomfiture of Dave and myself.

Oct 20: Gave a better recitation this time. Made blood smears this P. M. Wrote Mrs. Van Norden. Heard Dr. Avison give an address on work in Seoul. How he built up hospital system, and trained doctors and nurses. His personality captures the audience.

Oct 21: Took a \$1.00 bet on Centre College against Harvard, for this Saturday. Received letter from Lois asking about a visit. Miss Putnam invited me out to her place for Sunday. Have been going to bed after one o'clock every night this week.

Oct 22: Lecture on Hernia. Very good. Spent morning trying to dope out lymph glands. Louis, Fred, Dave, and I visited Art Museum, took lunch and examined the art collection. Millet's originals were especially good. Boned up on Histology all evening. Clarence invited the trio for supper Saturday.

Oct. 23: Went over to the Centre-Harvard football game. H-31; C-14. Harvard showed remarkable offensive strength. We gained entrance to field in devious ways, (avoiding ticket window). Purchased a Dunhill pipe. Took dinner with the Eddys. Had a good sing afterwards. Got PE bid at Clarence's house. Picture of Helen Eddy in my arms quite a success.

Oct 24: The sailboats at Cohasset fired my blood. Get out of lab in Embryology due to course at Princeton. Very bon indeed. Letter from home and telegram from Lois. Dinner, pledged and, initiated with great ceremony. Dave and I went through the tortures ensemble.

Nov 5: Spent morning in N. Y. Exchanged coat at Roger Peet's. \$85.00. Purchased wrist watch at Tiffany's: \$28.00. Went down to Princeton on 11 o'clock train, and straight out to Grad College, where Hudge was found in my old room. Then over to game, Ramp 22, Row 48, but could see splendidly. Great game. Third quarter, Harvard kicks field goal; three plays later, Gilroy catches a forward pass and scampers 64 yds. for a touchdown. A little later, Keck kicks a field-goal. Score: Princeton-10; Harvard-3. Went to see Mary and Bill in the evening.

Nov 12: Met George; didn't connect with Isabel. Penned letter to Miriam and sealed letter written Monday to Anita Marburg. Composed a sonnetlet to Miriam. Strange, how the thoughts that come to one at the end of the day are so detached from the worries of the day: often visionary, idealistic, and perhaps silly when viewed in the cold light of the next morning.

Nov 13: Church at Old South. Gordon on capital and labor. Uncle Willard with us for lunch. Has put on eight pounds since last year, and has a little more reserve strength. Says Japanese doctors at Sanitarium knew more than any American doctor there. Scovel has date to yesterday's game. Foch given great ovation in the bowl.

Nov 14: Foch day. Yesterday saw in paper that plans are complete for new Princeton chapel, 14th. century, English cathedral, seating 2000. Jamie and I took this afternoon off and went down town. We saw a military parade featuring First Division, Foch, and Pershing. After a hair-cut went to Widener Library where by climbing a window grating we managed to see Foch once more.

Nov. 16: Telephoned Isabel for Friday night joint Harvard-Yale Glee Club Concert.

Nov 19: Scovel arrived last night for Yale-Harvard game.

(Editor's Note: Zenos wrote this poem in a letter to Miriam dated May 10, 1918. It is an anonymous translation of a much more beautiful French original of which Zenos was very fond.)

"YEAR OF THE END"

By René Fauchois

Bread of our home,—oh year of the end—
How good 'twill be to eat.
When we recall in sudden mood
Thirst, and the fighter's scanty food,
How clean 'twill taste and sweet.

Wine of our vineyards—year of the end—
How warm 'twill glow to sight.
As we recount in brave old song
Victory, though the test was long.
Nor wearied we of fight.

Bells of our towers—year of the end—
On Sabbaths soft shall chime;
Crooning requiems o'er the grave
Sheltering warm the fallen brave
Here or in foreign clime.

Girls of our towns—oh year of the end—
How proud shall be your thought;
When there appear the hearts of steel
Showing you still the love they feel,
For all the war has wrought.

Rose of our gardens—year of the end—
By slopes of Loire and Meuse.
Perfume you'll bear of glory's thrill
Colors of vic'try's iron will
And glow of peaceful lives.



